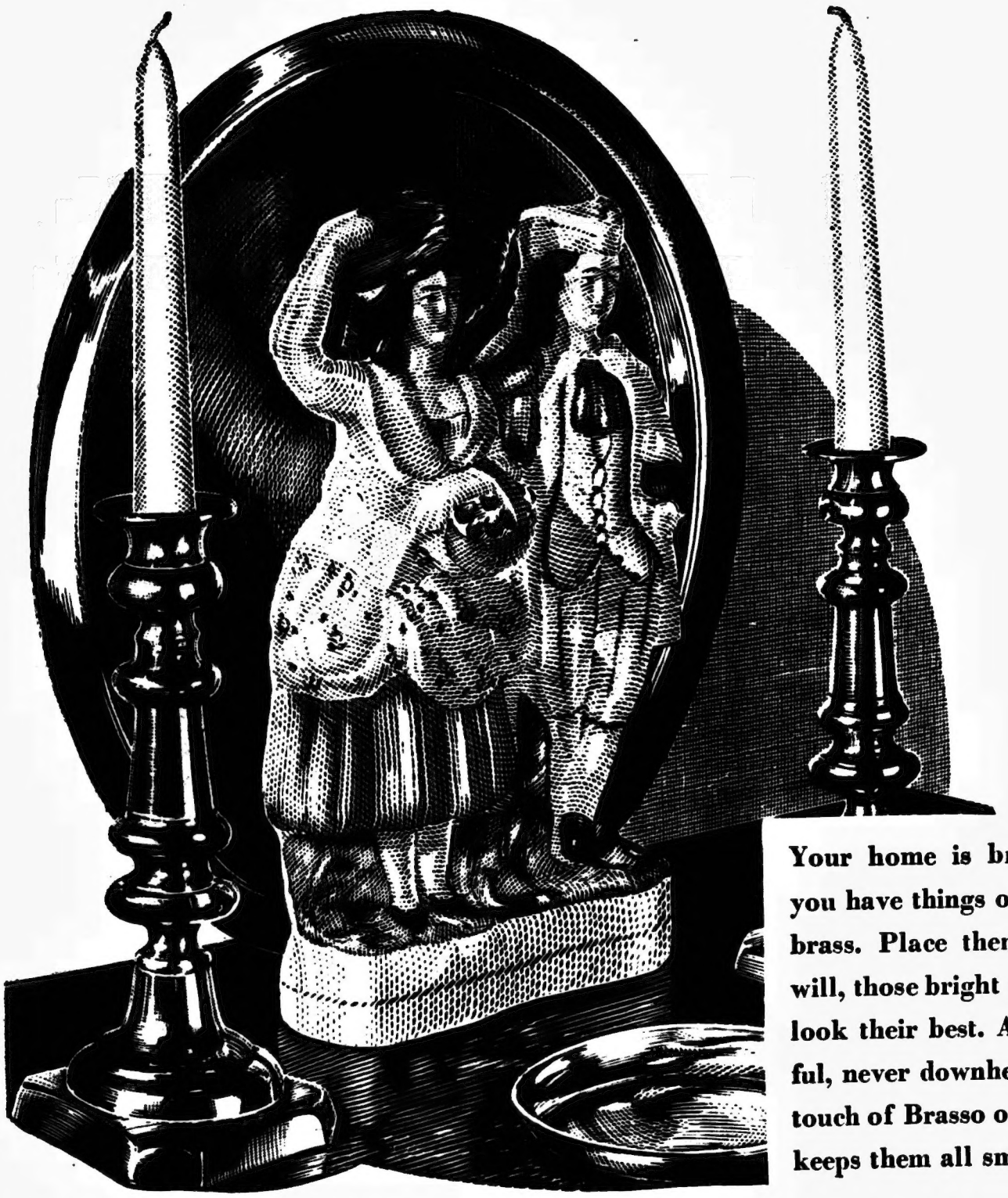
JOHN BULL, APRIL 20, 1935

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LVII.
1505.

A GALLERY OF "ROYAL" ROGUES SEE PAGES 8 AND 9

JOHN BULL



Your home is brighter when you have things of copper and brass. Place them where you will, those bright pieces always look their best. Always cheerful, never downhearted—just a touch of Brasso once in a while keeps them all smiles.

BRASSO

LIQUID METAL POLISH
makes light work

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DYING WIFE'S VAIN SACRIFICE

"THERE'S a bit of a fire—I'll attend to it." Behind these matter-of-fact words lies an heroic tale of a husband's battle in a blazing house in an attempt to save his family.

The husband, sensing danger, went downstairs, and, almost blinded and choked by smoke, found the living-room an inferno. He returned upstairs pursued by the flames. Telling his wife to make for the back bedroom, he thrust his little boy through a window on to a shed, thereby saving his life. At the same time, the wife, almost overcome by the smoke, struggled to the window with her baby. *Watchers outside saw two hands appear and drop something on to the pavement below.* The distraught mother, before losing consciousness and regardless of her own safety, had dropped the child from the window in a vain effort to save its life. Trapped in the bedroom she herself met a tragic death, in spite of her husband's desperate efforts to rescue her.

JOHN BULL's heartfelt sympathy is extended to this heroic husband—Mr. W. E. Glynn, 31, Anglesea Avenue, Harpurhey, Manchester, who, as a registered reader, turned to JOHN BULL in his distress. Because Mr. Glynn had signed forms similar to those below, a cheque for £550 paid under JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift was sent to him. This sum included the 10 per cent. Bonus paid to readers of more than three months' standing.

"John Bull" pays £550 cheque.

The cause of the fire is unknown. At the inquest the coroner remarked that *"sometimes a spark may jump out of the fire and set something ablaze."*

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To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

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Signature.....

Address.....

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..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 20/4/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 123, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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Reader's Signature.

Age.....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 20/4/35

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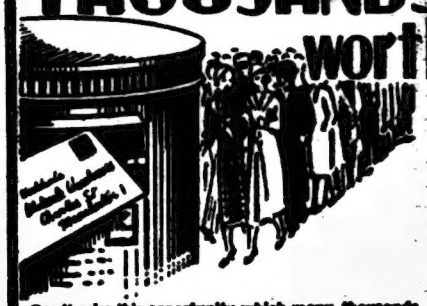

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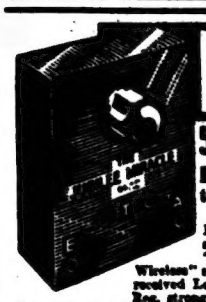

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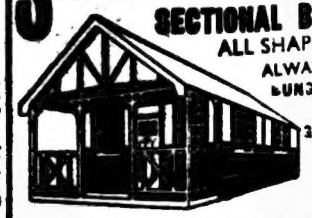

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GARAGES 97/6
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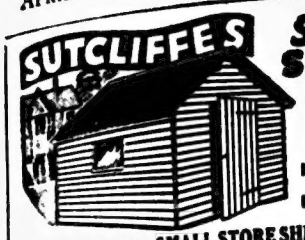

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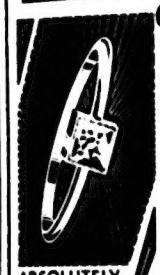

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9D. each Post 3d. Superior Quality.

Shape of teeth in comb makes double wave. Regular combing for a few minutes and your hair, whether long or short, will be marvellously waved by the new Wonder Waving Comb. No curling tongs required. Save both time and money spent at the hairdresser. Indispensable to every woman. Your hair will always be perfectly waved. Send P.O. 1/- to-day.

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Is a job in which,
Your every need they seem to know,
And meet without a hitch.

I've been with them for some months now,
(My first job of its kind),
I've had no trouble anyhow,
They leave no fault to find.

You merely carry out their plan,
It's simple, straight, and sound,
If I can do it,—then YOU can;
And easily, I'll be bound.

from F. A. COPPING, of Thorpe Bay, ESSEX.

Mr. Copping's effort gives his opinion of our proposition. You will be just as enthusiastic. **Earn extra cash in your spare time. Become an Agent for Amprico 6d. Treble Value Club Cards.** They sell at sight because of their wonderful value. No capital or experience is needed. We definitely claim that our proposition is the **easiest and simplest way of adding to your income.**

Please send me details explaining how I can make substantial sums in my spare time, also forward me illustrated catalogue.

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£4-£5 EXTRA CASH

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Modern Short Lengths or Usual Long Clothes.

75 delightful garments (for Summer or Winter Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Ends, Robes, Lawn or Wincey, Day Gowns, Ltcloth, Flan. or Wincey Nightees, Best Wool Vests, Back-Flannels, Hand Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Binders, Trunk Sets, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

A LONDON PURCHASER WRITES: "I am overjoyed to have such a beautiful Baby's Layette on hand, it puts one's mind at rest. A treat for the eyes and a pleasure to handle."

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L.	W.	Cash.	Down 12 Pts.
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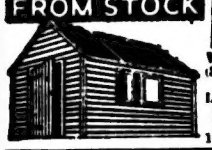

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Send NOW! F. FORD, 102, Charlotte Road, Sheffield, 1.

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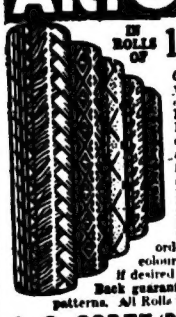

IN ROLLS OF 108 sq. ft. for 15/- 2 yds. by 2 yds.

Carriage Paid to your door England and Wales, Scotland 1/- extra. Supersedes Linoleum at a fraction of the cost. Rot-proof and damp-proof. Ideal for Covering wood or stone floors. Made for hard wear. Easy to keep clean. Send P.C. for Patterns and Samples (post free) or order at once stating colour required. Sent C.O.D. if desired at additional cost of 9d. roll. Money Back guarantee, if not delighted. Great range of patterns. All Rolls 2 yds. wide. Hundreds of testimonials.

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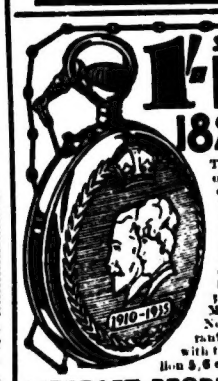
A. C. CORFE (Dept. J.B.), 182, HIGH ROAD, WOOD GREEN, N.22.

1/- SECURES THIS ROYAL JUBILEE 18 CT PLATED DRESS HUNTER



The only Jubilee Watch on the market offered at low price of 29 6, or 1/- down and 2 6 fortnightly. Case is the work of craftsmen, engraved with their Majesties' heads on front and back, enclosed "In commemoration of H.M. King George and H.M. Queen Mary, 25 years' successful reign." Handsome 18-ct. plated finish choicely engraved. Inner dust-proof dome stamped Exhibition Medals for accuracy. Aircraft Swiss Non-magnetic Lever movement. Warranted in writing 15 years. Dress chain with their Majesties' Photograph on Medallion 5/6 extra. No extra deposit. Send to-day.

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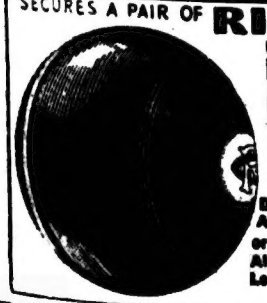
5/- DOWN BALANCE MONTHLY

SECURES A PAIR OF RILEY'S FAMOUS BOWLS



120 PAIRS FREE

WRITE FOR LIST TO E.J. RILEY, LTD. DALE WORKS AGGRINGTON, or Dept. 74, 147, Aldersgate St., London, E.C.1.

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This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carriage 1/- ex., we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS, suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 30 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/-

F. Hodgson & Sons (J.B.), Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

12 BRAND NEW 10" RECORDS 24 TUNES 2/-

YOUR LAST OPPORTUNITY

Undoubtedly the greatest offer ever made to the public. Enormous purchase of manufacturer's Bankrupt Stock alone makes such amazing value possible. All absolutely NEW. Every record different. Many famous bands included in the 24 full-length recent Dance Hits with vocal refrain and comedy Numbers. Originally sold at 1 9 each—now offered by us at 12 for 2 -. Post and packing 6d. 24 tunes at 1d. each. Performance Rights Allowed. Send 2,- and 6d. post NOW. Cash refunded if dissatisfied.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS, LIMITED. (Dept. J.B.O.7), 89, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. (Opposite Glaces).

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FOR REAL VALUE

I offer the finest A.1.r. BRITISH Wireless Sets at bargain prices. Including Battery and All Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL. PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully Illustrated Art Catalogue.

Lee-Ferion Ltd. WIRELESS SPECIALISTS and 3 COVENTRY

For Only 3-10s

WRITE TO-DAY NOW

This incident caused several horses to shy in Bond Street recently. The Hon. Aphasia Watt-Hoe is depicted in the act of being offered a new hat for Easter, declining same, and demanding a Kensitas instead. Her husband, Captain R. S. V. P. ("Eggface") Watt-Hoe can be seen registering surprise with every fibre of his being.

Interviewed later by a representative of "The Duck-Fancier's Weekly," the Hon. Aphasia explained: "A woman must obey the dictates of her heart. One can have too many hats—but one cannot have too many Kensitas."

That was well said, if you ask us. A new hat is just another piece of headwear, but a good cigarette is practically everything from a boon upwards.

K.R.G. Browne

Kensitas

They Taste Better

Kensitas are made only from the clean *centre* leaves of the finest Virginia tobaccos. These *centre* leaves alone can give Kensitas their smooth, mild, satisfying flavour. Try Kensitas and experience their *better taste*. Then you, too, will say "No thanks, I'd rather have a Kensitas."

They're Mild...They Satisfy...
They Taste Better

JOHN BULL

THURSDAY,

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93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
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Despicable Traffic in Bankruptcy—

The VAMPIRE of DEBT

Without Fear or Favour

BANKRUPTCY has become one of the most serious factors in the business life of this country. Uncertainty and depression in the last dozen years have forced tens of thousands of traders into insolvency. In the decade 1924-1933 the liabilities of debtors in bankruptcy reached the colossal sum of £143,709,654.

This figure, indeed, might lead cynics to suggest that bankruptcy is one of our major industries. But whatever lesson is to be learned is for the humanist rather than the cynic.

For in point of numbers the majority of bankruptcies have a poignant story behind them. It was stated authoritatively the other day that 83 per cent. of the bankruptcy lists in recent years have carried the names of small shopkeepers, most of them recruits to the distributive trades.

For every small shopkeeper who ends in insolvency there is an average of thirty tradesmen and others hit badly in the crash. The repercussions are endless, the misery widespread among thrifty and hard-working people.

It is hard to imagine that the ruin of small businesses can be welcomed by anyone. Yet there is a class of bloodsuckers who rejoice in the misfortunes of the enterprising man, and reap a fat harvest from the losses suffered by him and his creditors.

By a system of scientific plunder they see to it that the bulk of the bankrupt's possessions will be diverted into the plunderers' pockets, and will never reach the creditors.

These bankruptcy specialists are known as "Trustee Touts." Their methods are best illustrated by the following story which has come from a country town. A tradesman there was brought low by the long depression in his district. He had struggled gallantly, as so many have done, until he could conceal the true state of his affairs no longer.

He filed his petition and a meeting of his creditors was called. The meeting was a sad occasion for most. Local men had to witness the ruin of an old friend and to face the loss of some of their own dwindling resources.

The debtor put his cards on the table, and all else he had. House and home would go with the rest, and he hoped he would be able to pay between seven and ten shillings in the pound. His friends knew that his statement was frank and honest.

There were others, unfortunately, who affected to think differently. A smart fellow got on his feet, and announced that he held proxies to vote on behalf of a number of absent tradesmen. By skilful innuendo he conveyed to the meeting that there might be something undisclosed in the debtor's statement, and that the case was one which needed "expert handling."

He had already made it his business to acquire a mass of information about the bankrupt's affairs, as well as having approached various tradesmen to allow him to act for them. The meeting was impressed.

A man at the back of the room, in reality a confederate, supported his attitude and proposed that he should be appointed trustee of the estate. The proposal was carried, the proxy votes weighing heavily in the scales.

The trustee tout was put in control of the assets, and was, of course, entitled to payment for his services.

Since then the estate has been finally wound up. *The sum distributed among the creditors was under £100, equivalent to about 9d. in the pound.*

☆ ★ ☆

CERTAIN necessary payments went in stamp duties and Board of Trade fees, but the bulk of the poor bankrupt's assets fell into the clutches of the tout and those associated with him, in "trustee's remuneration," expenses and commissions.

This was not an exceptional case. Reputable accountants and solicitors report that it is quite common for 80 to 90 per cent. of the assets in insolvent estates, particularly in the provinces, to be swallowed up by the costs of administration when they get into the hands of the trustee ghouls.

The "profession" has become sufficiently lucrative for these gentry to travel about their business in expensive cars such as the creditors, whether tradesmen or private individuals, can rarely afford, and to employ their own spies to survey the ground in the early stages of a bankruptcy. It is astonishing how they discover the latest information about businesses which have come to grief.

An established accountant in Yorkshire tells John Bull: "I have known of instances when a man has filed his petition in the afternoon, and by early evening agents have called on the creditors with proxy forms, canvassing for their votes in support of Mr. X for the trusteeship in bankruptcy."

How much comes into the coffers of the trustee touts? Businesses may be wound up under the Bankruptcy Acts in two ways—by official receivers appointed by the court and by non-official trustees elected by the creditors. In the latter class the total costs of administration in 1933 were over 30 per cent. of the figure actually paid in dividends.

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SINCE many of the bigger businesses are wound up for a comparatively small sum by honest trustees, solicitors and others, at a proportionately trivial ratio of costs, it is clear that the trustee touts are reaping a rich harvest in "administering" the others.

The wickedest aspect of this brigandage is that the victims are almost invariably the small-man creditor of the small-man business. Time after time the creditor is himself forced into liquidation because he has been unable to recover a shilling in the pound from bankruptcies which ought to have yielded ten.

The trustee has appropriated the money as "remuneration." His callous activities have meant beggary for decent men and their families.

Technically, the appointment of the bogus trustee is the creditors' own fault. When a complaint is sent to the bankruptcy officials they point out that they cannot interfere, since the creditors elected him. If abuse of the trust can be proved, then the trustee can be deprived of his remuneration. Otherwise the law can do nothing.

But abuses are most difficult to prove. The trustee knows too much for that. He is equipped with a thorough knowledge of accountancy and of the bankruptcy laws. He can safely trade on the fact that the majority of the small-man creditors are ignorant of the tortuous and tricky course of liquidation. It is child's play for him to pull wool over their eyes from the first twist of the wind-up to the last.

The appearance of this new profiteer on other men's misfortunes is one more clinching argument for sweeping reform of the bankruptcy laws. John Bull has long insisted that these are a blessing to the fraudulent trader who intends that his creditors shall get nothing.

As we now see, they are at the same time a means of preventing the honest bankrupt from passing on to his creditors, many of whom are also his own friends, that which he has so often desperately striven to save from the calamity which has overwhelmed him.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Another Surprise Broadcast We Want

Official Aunts to Welcome

100-Hour Week for 10s.!

WE are naturally gratified that the Government has officially echoed the warning which we issued to the public not long ago, when we revealed that an army of bogus share-pushers were planning to rob tens of thousands of people of their life savings.

But while we congratulate the Attorney-General, Sir Thomas Inskip, for the warning he broadcast as a surprise "item" the other night, we don't think he went far enough.

We should like him to make another surprise broadcast. We think he ought to turn up his sleeves before the microphone and announce that something is going to be done to protect the public

For, as the law now stands, the police are almost powerless against the "dud share" swindlers.

We want to see the Attorney-General turn his sleeves up and make another surprise broadcast

Plausible tricksters

Let us suggest what Sir Thomas might tell us.

He should say that in future no share pusher may call upon an intended victim and, by a wealth of plausible promises, induce the victim to hand over money or securities.

It is true that a few years ago, after the police had received innumerable complaints, the Company Act was amended with a view to end this evil. But the crooks have found an easy way out.

If they first send a circular letter to the victim and thus arouse his interest, they may send a tout to his home.

Telephone promises

The Government should make it illegal for share-pushers to telephone worthless offers to persons who they know are interested in Stock Exchange speculation. It should be made a criminal offence, moreover, for any share-pusher to promise heavy rises in the future on any particular stock.

Tricksters are able to claim with impunity that a share worth five shillings at the moment will be worth a pound in a few months' time.

Handcuffs off the police

Above all, we should like to hear the Attorney-General broadcast an assurance that the hands of the police will be freed from the shackles which have been tolerated far too long.

Public Prosecutors in the past constantly sent police officers to warn notorious share-pushers, and often this warning was sufficient to scare the crooks away. Unfortunately, this practice is now frowned upon.

Astounding case

Let us quote a case which, though deplorable, is typical enough.

A well-known American financier recently plundered the British public through a share-pushing company which was registered in the name of a quite honest nominee. When thousands had been obtained in this way, the American disappeared and left the nominee to face the music.

Yet, from the moment the company began operations, the City of London police knew that it was intended to fleece the public. But they had no power to intervene!

Urgent need

Similarly, a notorious crook has been openly boasting that he cannot be arrested since he confines his promises concerning dud shares to their future rises. The fact that he knows those shares will actually prove valueless means, of course, that his promises are just false pretences. We say that he and his kind should suffer the usual penalties for the criminal offence of false pretences.

It is not enough for the police to be able to turn back the notorious alien financiers who attempt to land at our ports.

They must be given the powers we have outlined—and quickly, for the need is urgent.

So let us have another surprise broadcast from the Attorney-General.

As we said

If we acclaim the Beet Sugar report, it is not a case of being wise after the event. For years we have attacked the madness of squandering public money on an industry that could not possibly be made to pay

But the subsidy, which has already cost the country £50,000,000, will surely be stopped now that the Greene Committee has condemned it so emphatically.

Money for foreigners

Much of that vast sum, as we have previously stated, has found its way into the pockets of foreign capitalists. We are still awaiting an explanation of why this particular folly was allowed.

School of scandal

Almost as crazy is the frittering away of a million pounds on the new Admiralty school at Holbrook, Suffolk. Among the items which make up this total are £90,000 for fees to architects and other experts and 11,300 pairs of socks for the 860 boys.

Isn't it curious how generous the Admiralty chiefs can be with other people's money?

Rebuilding London

The sort of expenditure we really like is the £5,500,000 which the L.C.C. is going to spend on new housing schemes.

Though the present plans only deal with the scrapping of certain slums and the rehousing of their inhabitants, we understand that nothing less than a complete replanning of London's East End is contemplated.

That is a broad comp[illegible]icy which will be well worth while. Our one regret is that the present L.C.C. is having to remedy the blunders committed by a long succession of short-sighted administrations.

Off the track

But, despite all the talk, the Ribbon Building Bill is to shirk the problem for which it was intended.

It is to be optional and not compulsory. County councils can adopt it or not as they please. And instead of ending the activities of land speculators, it will actually compensate some of them out of the public purse.

The Government should scrap the Bill and begin again.

Snail's progress

Still, years after we had grown tired of asking for mock auctions to be made illegal, action is promised at last.

There is to be a committee of enquiry!

All the enquiry the committee need do, in our opinion, is to go along to one of those thieving dens with a pound note.

Official robbery

Our sympathy has never been wasted on slum landlords who have consistently refused to improve their property, but who squeal when it has to be taken from them without compensation.

But we never lose sight of the fact that in many thousands of cases the no-compensation decree has been enforced without regard to equity and that great numbers of people have also had their homes and small business places condemned and confiscated without valid reason.

These injustices usually occur in consequence of local authorities endeavouring to acquire land "on the cheap."

Worst ever

By far the worst attempt of the kind ever made was repulsed at Ormskirk a few days ago.

A house which the local council had condemned as unfit for habitation and for which they asked the court to grant a demolition order, had been owned and occupied by a family for 35 years, during which there had only once been a case of illness in the home.

Judge Chaloner Dowdall was so suspicious of the application that he went to examine the house, and, on returning, he not only refused the order, but declared that if ever he came to live in Ormskirk, he would choose this house to live in!

The truth was that the council wanted the site for its own use, and was trying callously to seize the property and evict the occupiers without paying any compensation.

The Fragrant Minute.

EASTER-TIDE

THESE lengthening days are strengthening days. The heart responds to Nature's ways. The frosts retreat, the air grows sweet. The sun has heat. The gales die down, skies lose their frown, and branches starved and bare and brown, are rich with colour once again —oh heart, break forth from sorrow's pain!

These lengthening days are strengthening days. Upon the heart all Nature plays. "The winter is so long," we sigh, "ah! never will it pass us by." Then suddenly, dropped from the sky, dropped from the sky's cerulean arch, the "rosy plumelets" of the larch!

"This pain is more than I can bear," the heart exclaims, in its despair. Then suddenly the Over-soul drops on the heart, to make it whole, the rosy plumelets none can see, new buds of hope on life's bare tree.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor, JOHN BULL.

Judge's rebuke

Mr. Justice Greaves-Lord, one of the new High Court judges, has been quick to denounce a scandal which he must frequently have observed at the Bar.

This is the committal from the police courts to the assizes of offenders in comparatively trivial cases which could be adequately dealt with at the sessions.

Not only is the time of the higher court extravagantly wasted, this too-common procedure is unjust and cruel to petty offenders.

The rebuke to magistrates by Mr. Justice Greaves-Lord was administered in Liverpool, but it was clearly meant to have national application.

Good and bad

Most of us sympathise with those who err while trying to do good, but we are particularly moved by the poignant story of a young Blackpool man, Wm. Moore, who holds the Royal Humane certificate for life-saving.

Lodging with a widow who had six children and only 27s. a week income (her rent being £1), he was distressed to see the youngsters going to school hungry.

And so he started a long series of burglaries to provide them with food.

The penalty

In court, his landlady said the children thought the world of him; the police said he had honestly been trying to get work since his release from prison; the magistrates said—eighteen months' hard labour.

We can only hope that this will not be the end of the story—that better times will dawn for those fatherless children, and that Moore will find employment awaiting him when he leaves jail.

100-hour week

Nor can we withhold pity from a young waitress bound over at Penarth for stealing seven packets of cigarettes from her employer.

As her wages for a hundred-hour week work out at a 1½d. an hour, it is little wonder that she was tempted to steal.

The magistrates said they felt they were "compelled" to say such a wage was outrageous. We don't need any compulsion to declare that employers who so scandalously underpay their workers ought themselves to be in the dock.

Kind official aunts

Perhaps such scandals will become less frequent now that the Ministry of Labour is appointing official "aunts" to look after the 40,000 workless girls who are to be given summer jobs in seaside resorts. These officials will see that the girls get a square deal from their employers and find entertainment in their spare time.

We should like this sensible plan to be extended. To the Welsh and North Country girls who come to London seeking domestic service, for example.

Scotland Yard at work

Our readers cannot be surprised to see that Lord Trenchard has drawn attention to the serious overcrowding at Scotland Yard.

The really appalling conditions under which many of the Yard departments have to carry out their duties was exclusively described in a recent JOHN BULL article. The section of Lord Trenchard's report dealing with these conditions reads, in fact, very much like our exposure.

Miserable meanness

Now for a case of petty cheeseparing at its worst.

A Cardiff ex-soldier, whose pension is less than 8s. a week, has been in the habit of drawing it quarterly. But he finds that in the week he obtains it his unemployment benefit is stopped because the total sum of nearly £5 is officially reckoned as his income for one week!

SEASIDE JUNKETEERS

HASTINGS goes en fete—for its holiday visitors. The corporation has set its face firmly against the junketeers

—Easter is a Blackmail Ramp for Them!

— by the — Town Clerk of a famous resort

WITH the arrival of Easter the conference season gets into full stride. The "Association" of this, the "Federation" of that, and all the various "Unions" and "Societies" hold their annual sessions of discussion, pleasantly varied with dining, wining and dancing, at one or other of Britain's seventy chief seaside resorts. They usually choose the low-price period between Easter and summer.

This is an appropriate time, therefore, to draw attention to a very unpleasant feature of some of these conferences. It is a matter which is seriously perturbing the authorities at most resorts, and is of the greatest importance to every seaside ratepayer.

During recent years dozens of resorts have been "stung" by certain of these conferences by tactics which I can only describe as blackmail. What happens, briefly, is this. I quote from an actual case.

The representatives of a certain conference approached the Entertainments Committee of a South Coast resort, which I shall call "X," and said, "We would like to hold our annual conference in your town this year. There will be, roughly, 200 of us. Some of our delegates, however, would like us to have our conference at 'Y' (naming another resort). Now what can *you* offer us in the way of hospitality and free entertainment if we come to your town?"

Of course, the conference representatives did not put the matter as crudely as I have done. But that was the effect of it.

The Entertainments Committee then said: "We shall be delighted to have your conference. If you come here we can offer you an inaugural reception by the Mayor, followed by luncheon, with alcoholic refreshments. During your stay we will provide a gala dinner and dance for you with more free refreshments. You can have a hall free of rent for your meetings."

Having extracted this offer, the conference representatives then went to "Y" and said: "'X' has offered us so-and-so—what would you do for us?" At this other place they got additional offers of more free meals and drinks and free passes to the corporation's entertainments. After that, they went to yet another resort and played off the offers of the first two!

Steady increase

THERE has been example after example of such discreditable tactics during recent years. It is not simply a question of the conference representatives bargaining to secure the best possible terms for their delegates before deciding on a resort.

Often they actually arrange with one resort, and afterwards write that their executives had altered their minds. In real truth they have succeeded in jockeying more free drink and entertainment out of some other place.

It is a racket which has been steadily growing, and it has reached such a pitch that it must be stopped. The argument used for the provision of free entertainment to visiting conferences is that it is good publicity for the town. But most resorts are now convinced that the value received this way is not worth the amount spent of the ratepayers' money.

The authorities of one seaside town which had a good bag of conferences last season sat down during the winter and ruefully counted the cost. Actually it had spent over £3,000 on free hospitality to these visitors, or nearly 25s. a head. The money for it had been docked from the annual sum set aside for advertising, as, strictly speaking, the entertainment of conference delegates comes under the heading of publicity.

The £3,000 was half as much again as the amount spent in the previous year on entertainment, and it was obvious to them that they had been fooled into this extra expenditure by the "playing off" tactics adopted by the gentlemen representing these conferences.

It could not be discovered whether there had been any gain to the town. Even the few hotel-keepers who benefited by the stay of the visitors had been compelled to accept them at very cut rates.

When the accounts were examined in detail it was found that one small conference of about fifty members, who had stayed for four days, had succeeded in obtaining nearly £200 worth of free drinks, meals and entertainment—quite as much as they had actually spent in the town on their hotel bills for bed and board.

The ordinary tradespeople of the town, whose rates had paid for this free junketing to the conference visitors, could not report any benefit. When the conference time-tables were scrutinised it was noticed these left little time for visitors to do any shopping in the town, even if they wished to do so.

The day's round was fully occupied with official meals and speeches, and closed with dances, dinners and free entertainments at night.

Out of the rates

THAT is bad business. It is also grossly unfair on social grounds. Why should the ratepayers of one town, simply because theirs happens to be a seaside resort, be called upon to pay for the entertainment of ratepayers from another?

The recent Report of the Ray Committee on Local Expenditure which was presented to Parliament also seems to be of the same opinion about conference junketing. It said, "Some authorities spend money out of the rates in entertaining persons or bodies holding conferences within the district. This expenditure is commonly justified as advertising the amenities of the district and as tending to attract visitors.

"In our view, expenditure of this nature should be subject to severe limitations . . . we do not think that the provision of entertainment for visiting bodies or conferences ought to involve a charge on public funds."

Now that so many of these conferences are looking on seaside resorts as a kind of Tom Tiddler's Ground for free drinks and fun, and are using such impudent, discreditable methods as those I have described to achieve their object, it is high time to carry the committee's recommendations into effect.

The limit

A FEW weeks ago the main resorts jumped at the chance to get together on this question, and at a meeting of their association a standard was framed of the maximum which should be offered to conferences in the shape of hospitality; and all resorts are to be asked to adhere to this standard.

It cuts the usual lavish entertainment down to one free lunch or dinner to be given to a limited number only of the delegates to each conference, and one free reception and dance with non-alcoholic refreshment. It also gives free passes to corporation recreation grounds and bathing facilities—but that is all.

A memorandum embodying these maximum standards has now been sent to most resorts for their action. Some towns may be reluctant to impose them, others may be inclined to let matters slide. In the final issue it is the thousands of seaside ratepayers only that can make them be carried into effect.

Ratepayers in every centre should tell their local council, in no uncertain tones, to put a stop to these seaside junketeers and this dining and wining of conference delegates at their expense.

In the Royal Rogues' TWELVE

A FEW weeks ago we revealed the plans that are being effected at Scotland Yard to frustrate the efforts of confidence-tricksters, who hope to feather their nests at the expense of wealthy visitors from overseas who are coming here to pay homage to their Sovereign.

And we named many rogues as figuring on "Scotland Yard's Jubilee Black List."

This week we can publish a black list of our own, and name numerous "royal" impostors, who, posing as men of royal blood, victimise credulous people in a variety of ways.

Some of them will undoubtedly endeavour to make the great occasion of the King's Jubilee an opportunity for fresh exploits.

Many pose as princes and, with crested clothes and decorations to which they are not entitled, claim royal descent.

Luxury life

One who is notorious the world over is a man named Henry Ferguson. For years he has lived by his wits and claims to be a close descendant of the late Tsar.

With a small retinue of servants he travels about in the guise of **"Prince Michael of Russia,"** and wears countless decorations to which he is not entitled, including the Legion of Honour and the Croix de Guerre.

Not long ago he was in London, staying at a fashionable and exclusive hotel with his own personal valet and aide-de-camp. Most of the people he met took him at his word, and he managed successfully to live in luxury for several weeks, although actually he had not a penny with which to bless himself.

"Prince Michael of Russia," urbane and polished, pretended that he was here in connection with some secret political mission, and, incognito, attended many smart functions. Then a Chief Inspector of Scotland Yard became interested in his movements, and he was asked to leave the country, which he promptly did. But he is expected to return, as he has done on several previous occasions.

One of his dupes in London is a woman whose father is a man of title and wealth. She met "Prince Michael" at a big charity function at a West End hotel and was dazzled by his admitted charm and the amazing stories he unfolded about his noble lineage and alleged possessions overseas.

Her parents and friends accepted this dapper, handsome man with complete confidence at first, and when he asked her for the loan of a hundred pounds, as his bank at Cannes had not sent through his usual draft, she willingly obliged him. By the time Scotland Yard detectives intervened, as the result of complaints which they had received from other women, and the information was obtained that he was a notorious impostor with dupes in all parts of the world, both she and her father had become much more heavily involved.

"Prince Michael," who also passes at times in the assumed name of "Duke Romanoff," is known not only to the police at Scotland Yard, but also to the authorities of France, Germany, Belgium, Italy and America as one of the most polished impostors of our time. He speaks six languages, and has made a prolonged study of all matters relating to royalty. He refers to reigning kings and princes by their Christian names, and talks airily of the supposed friendship he enjoys with them.

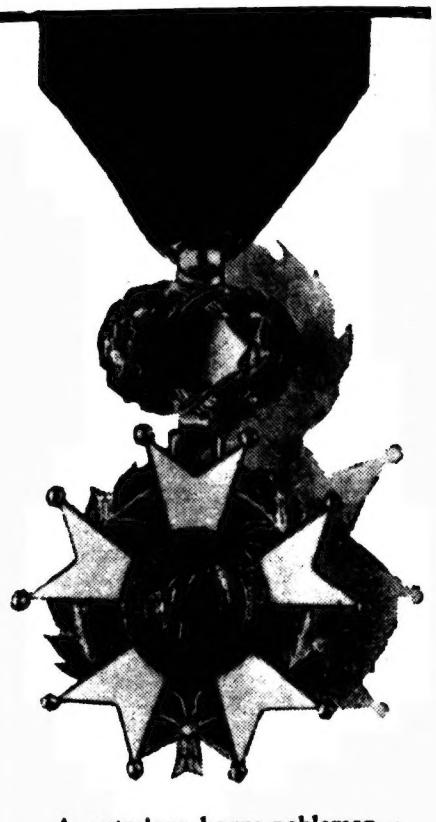
At one period in his spectacular career he entertained a large group of French politicians to dinner at a famous Parisian hotel, and, in the course of a witty speech which was widely reported in French newspapers, modestly unfolded the story of how he was presented with the Legion of Honour for services he rendered in the renowned Lafayette Squadron of foreign flying "aces" who served in France during the Great War.

Everybody believed him, and for weeks he was fêted regally. Wealthy men and women almost tripped over each other to welcome him as their guest, and "Prince Michael" never once failed to play his part to perfection.

Secret flight

Then the French police received a complaint from a hotel at which he had staged a banquet without paying the account, and that enquiries made by the management had revealed the disquieting fact that he was not "Prince Michael of Russia" at all, but a man well known in criminal circles in the aliases of Henry Ferguson, alias Gergerson; alias Maurice Romanoff.

Quietly, when exposure was imminent, he slipped out of France and was next heard of in Berlin. Here he rented a sumptuous flat and, being accepted everywhere as



A notorious bogus nobleman—"Prince Turaven" (above left), and the Legion of Honour, a favourite decoration among "royal" rogues, who are, of course, not entitled to it

"Prince Michael," pursued his fraudulent but regal career.

Suddenly, after much impressive publicity had been given to his distinguished movements, he vanished, leaving another small army of bewildered dupes to clamour at police headquarters with information about him.

Great charm

Among the complaints thus lodged with the Berlin authorities were those of several hotel proprietors, wine merchants, jewellers, the landlord of the flat he had rented, and at least one woman from whom he had obtained a considerable sum of money.

After a brief stay in England he landed next in Hollywood. His princely charm and personality won rapid attention there, and for weeks he was seen in the company of famous film magnates and screen actresses of world-wide fame. He even condescended to be photographed in one studio, and signed autographs galore.

In New York he effected his greatest coup. Through the medium of his aide-de-camp, he booked the entire floor of a leading hotel and "Prince Michael," alias Ferguson, alias Romanoff, lived there in lavish style as long as his clever artifices could be maintained.

Wine merchants supplied his orders for the best champagne without the slightest question and jewellers gladly provided him on credit with valuables which he bestowed magnificently upon some of his dazzled lady frends.

He opened bazaars and numerous important functions, dined with millionaires and unveiled a memorial in a New York street. Then, as always, the "show down" came.

News of his escapades in France had reached the Ellis Island authorities, and two detectives waited upon "His Highness" at his New York suite. They politely requested him to produce his passport, which he did, under regal protest.

He kept up his amazing bluff to the end, and throughout the interviews with the officers sat, with his secretary and aide-de-camp at his side, on a settee surrounded by tasselled cushions which bore his royal crest.

When his passport was finally handed over, and further enquiries made, it was discovered that he had obtained admission into America fraudulently, and that he was not a "Prince" at all.

Watchful eyes

He tried to leave America as mysteriously as he had fled from other countries, but the New York police were too shrewd, and took him into custody on a charge of being in possession of false credentials and with having committed perjury. For the next few months he lived in the solitude of a prison cell.

At the moment he is "somewhere in France," but Scotland Yard detectives, aided by vigilant port officials, are keeping a watchful eye open for him as he is likely to make his fourth return to this country in one or another of his royal rôles.

Another of these international adventurers who prey upon the public in country after country by claiming noble lineage is a soldierly looking and striking impostor named **Erekson Stenfeldt.**

With a string of different names, which have latterly included those of Antoni Sacharof, Dmitri Gleebof and Erik Weizputz, this man also passes persistently as a foreign prince.

Inspector Arthur Millar, of the Yard's Special Branch, had occasion to call upon Stenfeldt at the famous West End hotel where he was staying, with several uniformed servants, in the guise of **"His Highness Prince Troubeskoy."**

Tissue of lies

The inspector requested him to furnish particulars about his passport, and, immaculately attired and smoking a large cigar, the supposed prince at first flatly refused to be interviewed. In the end, when he realised that a Scotland Yard officer cannot be easily bluffed, he told a vivid story which has since been found to be a tissue of lies.

He said that he escaped from Russia after the Revolution, and lived in England for several months of every year because he was in fear of his life owing to Soviet emissaries who were always "shadowing" him;

Gallery . . .

PRINCES of DARKNESS

the rest of his time he spent in Berlin, France and Belgium.

He talked glibly of the princes and noblemen of different nationalities he was supposed to know, and supported his story by documents and photographs in which he figured as "Prince Troubeskoy."

Nevertheless, he was later charged at Bow Street under the Aliens Restriction Act and convicted.

Why the police cannot bring a graver charge against this man passes our comprehension. It is problematical whether he is a prince at all, and for years he has been living by his wits at the expense of gullible women.

At one period he was staying, in his princely guise, at a leading London hotel, and the woman who was living with him there, as "Princess Troubeskoy," was duped by him as many others have been. She fell under his spell in the belief that his fanciful stories were true, and within a few months of their meeting each other "His Highness" had relieved her of everything she possessed.

During the time their friendship lasted they stayed together at several fashionable hotels and, impressing her with the supposed fact that he possessed important properties abroad, and that a good deal of money was shortly coming to him, "The Prince" induced her to pay all the hotel bills and to settle various accounts which he ran up for clothes and other things required to satisfy his vanity.

Under his influence the woman eventually committed a criminal offence, was arrested and deported.

Stenfeldt is known all over the Continent as a man who possesses a remarkable fascination for women. In one case he inveigled his way into the company of a young and pretty woman whose father is a well-known peer. He told her amazing stories of his alleged royal parentage, and, attired in smart evening dress, on which were sewn the ribands of many distinguished decorations, insinuated that he would like her one day to become his wife. Once he had firmly established himself in her confidence he began to obtain substantial sums of money from her on the pretext that, as soon as certain legal formalities were completed, he would be coming into a princely inheritance.

The villa which Stenfeldt said he possessed in the South of France, and the various investments he was supposed to own in certain big companies, did not exist outside his own highly fertile imagination.

How a rogue of this type, about whom the police of several countries have received numerous complaints, cannot be arrested on any greater charge than one which relates only to an infringement of the Aliens Act seems incomprehensible.

For he has a disgraceful record, in this country alone, for preying upon women.

Henry Ferguson for years has lived on his wits, posing as Prince Michael of Russia.

Mean threat

One of his many victims is a woman who, believing him to be a wealthy prince, agreed to live with him. He told her that he could not make her his legal wife as he was already married to a worthless Frenchwoman.

When the woman, who swallowed this hypocritical story, discovered that she had been deceived by a man who was imposing upon everyone he met, decided to leave him he did a detestable thing.

He extracted money from her by threatening to reveal the truth about her association with him, and said that he was going to expose her to her friends. He even went so far as to try to obtain money from her parents by a vile threat to "show her up."

A Scotland Yard detective once took him into custody in the vestibule of a West End hotel for being in England without permission. On that occasion he was seated with a wealthy woman who was on the point of handing money to him when the officer entered.

Fortunately, she was saved in the nick of time.

Heap of debts

Prince Peter Troubeskoy, a much-honoured and respected nobleman, has openly stated that he can trace no real ground on which Stenfeldt can justify the use of the title at all.

Unfortunately, this rogue, who is of Russian nationality, will not be accepted back in his native land. So he drifts from country to country, living by his wits, heaping up debts everywhere, and adding to his list of women dupes.

We know at least a dozen of these "royal" adventurers who thrive at the expense of dupes who take them at their word. Another is an immaculate scoundrel who passes in the title of "Archduke Wilhelm." He has paid several visits to this country, and is known all over the Continent as a trickster of the worst type.

He tells the story that he is the rightful claimant to the throne of Austria, and that he is one of the leading members of the "Hapsburg-Lorraines." Sometimes he says that his mother was the last "Queen of Ukrainia."

"The Archduke" also lives by victimising women. A typical case is that of a widow from whom he recently obtained more than £4,000. In order to obtain some of the money he proposed marriage, and magnificently told her that he would have her specially presented to half the reigning heads of Europe, including King George V and the King of Italy.

When he had run up credit everywhere, and found that he could not deceive her any longer, he just left her to her own lamentable resources and betook himself elsewhere in search of further dupes.

Posing as peer

"The Archduke Wilhelm of Hapsburg-Lorraine" is just another of these amazing impostors, and he occupies a prominent place on Scotland Yard's list of self-styled "noblemen."

Equally prominent on the list is Rupert Saville, alias Gerard Dewar, alias Lonsdale Cole, alias Ronald Willoughby. He often poses as a prince, and passes himself off as a peer. In various parts of this country, and on the Continent, he has persistently obtained goods by fraud, and on occasion has even had the audacity to pose as a nobleman related to our Royal Family!

An officer of the Special Branch not long ago visited a provincial hotel and took into custody a well-dressed man who had been obtaining credit in the alias of the "Prince of Milan." He turned out to be a notorious alien named Antonia Grunti, who had no right to be in England at all.

His princely masquerades have landed him into prison in London, Trieste, Rome, Paris and Vareggio. But a spell in jail does not matter to him, and he resumes his impostures the moment he is at large again.

World tours

To the Special Branch officer to whom we have referred, this bogus "Prince" swore that he was closely related to the King of Italy, but enquiries revealed that, though he had been deported several times from England, he had contrived to get back again to pursue his career of fraud.

It is impossible here to enumerate all the polished adventurers who live in this astonishing fashion, but a few others—who tour the world in following their luxurious and princely machinations—are "Vicomte de Beney," the alleged son of King Leopold of Belgium; "Leopold of France," the "Marquis de Chaumont," "Prince Fernando," "The Duke of Hann," and, amongst others, Prince Turaven."

All, with various decorations, Court dresses, coronets, medals, pay frequent visits to this country. They are Princes of Darkness we could well do without.

Many of these tricksters have the effrontery to select genuine titles, or titles which bear a striking resemblance to those held by highly revered families. Thus endless annoyance is constantly caused to people of distinction who have little means of redress.

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You're the RIGHT MAN on the WRONG SIDE

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Mr. Anthony Eden

DEAR ANTHONY EDEN,—The country regrets your illness. But it regrets even more the illness of Europe.

You are the victim of a hectic tour round the capitals, one on which, no doubt because you express a point of view more modern than that of the Foreign Office whose work you have been doing, you were received with such acclaim that, even in Moscow, they put out Union Jacks and sang "God Save the King." Still, as no doubt you toasted the Soviet Republics, that didn't mean overmuch.

Your illness gave Ramsay MacDonald a chance to take your place at Stresa, a chance of mixing with Mussolini, Flandin, Laval and the other great ones of the earth.

Had you gone, instead, I might have had a little more confidence in the result—if any. For, during the last few months in which you have been Lord Privy Seal, with a roving hand at Geneva, you have done much to put right the mistakes of Sir John Simon and the Foreign Office, of which he is the head.

* * *

It is your approach to international affairs which we admire. You do not worry about the niceties of legal phrases. Nor do you feel that you are addressing a judge and jury. You are not a lawyer.

Indeed, your new adventuring in international affairs has made for you, in a very few months, a great reputation. But I sometimes wonder whether all this journeying around Europe will result in any lasting good, that is while the Government of which you are a member fails to recognise that wars are the results of economic conditions and that international disputes can be put right not only by a change of head but a change of heart.

* * *

Millions of British people remember that, when Arthur Henderson left the Foreign Office, he left Europe in such a state of peace that a measure of disarmament seemed a human possibility. He had put right much of the blundering which had gone on for nearly a dozen years after the war.

Lloyd George was the first sinner. His "Hang the Kaiser" campaign and the screaming for "Make Germany Pay," and then the failure of successive Governments to help the Socialist Prime Ministers of Germany—all these things led to such resentment among the German people that there was born a Hitlerism even more inimical to peace than was the French chauvinism which had preceded it.

For months the *Daily Mail* screamed "Hats Off to France."

Then it shouted "Heil, Germany." Then it screamed for British aeroplanes to counteract the peril caused by the Franco-German rivalry it had cheered on. Largely in consequence, there were stirred up passions which have now resulted, not in the disarmament which the world was promised, but a new mad Arms Race.

Now you are a member of a Government which, while it professes wholehearted support for a League of Nations which is the only hope of the future of the world, rejected the idea that aerial warfare should be abandoned. You are a member of a Government which supported Japan's imperialism in the Far East. You are a member of a Government which behaved with such cynicism towards pacifying proposals from Washington that, in the words of Mrs. Corbett Ashby, the substitute British delegate of the Disarmament Conference, "The American delegation turned white with anger."

You are not to blame for this. Things have been much better since you went to Geneva. Indeed, people openly say, in Whitehall, that if your Government had adopted proposals made by you as the result of a previous tour, a way out of all the muddle might have been found. But your proposals were turned down.

Was it "politics" or jealousy? Was it anger because you were so young and inexperienced?

Well, journeys may be made to Stresa. And there may be more tours and there will be much more talking.

But the truth is that we have to go back to the position in which we found ourselves in 1919, at Versailles, when what might have become a peace settlement for all time became merely a creation of new conflicts.

You must understand that wars are made by economic stress, that the competitive system is, in itself, a creator of international strife. The fight for markets is a cause of war, markets that should be parcelled out and arranged by international co-operation. Increase of population in some countries, and a decline of population in other countries, are a cause of war. This can only be avoided by facing, at Geneva, and with more courage than any statesman or country possesses to-day, where the next expansion is to take place an who is to give up territory. But as so many countries want to expand and nobody wants to give up anything, trouble starts.

You are not to blame, I suppose, but you are a member of a Government which may be written down in history as having committed the most criminal blunders of any Government of the last hundred years.

* * *

It had a chance to establish peace. It failed. It blundered into another race for more battleships, more aeroplanes, more soldiers and more poison-gas. Because of that, Posterity will condemn it.

It may not condemn you. Indeed, it could rightly say you were the right man on the wrong side.

You may, in the course of years, become Prime Minister of England. You certainly show, at the present time, more openness of mind and more modern intelligence than any of your colleagues.

But if things go on as they are going now, your term as Prime Minister, if ever you reach 10, Downing Street, may be a term of office in which the country will find itself plunged into another war even more terrible than the last one. It will not be your fault. But the present Government, to which you belong, will not escape blame.

Why don't you proclaim in the Cabinet what you know to be true in your heart—that collective peace is the only way out, the collective peace that we were promised when the last war was on, the collective peace to which the nation is pledged, although her rulers so often forget it?

Have the courage of your own self!

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Mr. WALTER RUNCIMAN,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—I welcome your hint that the cotton operatives who will be displaced by reorganisation schemes should not simply be scrapped with their spindles and forgotten.

The mill owners are to receive compensation for closed-down plant, while according to the present plan the operatives will get nothing except unemployment.

"It is incumbent on the industry to provide for these men," you say.

But don't leave it at that. Something more than expression of opinion is needed.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. ERNEST WARD,
Joint Tuberculosis Council

DEAR DOCTOR,—The common cold, you say, is "an indemic virus disease accompanied by coryza, pharyngitis, tracheitis, and some bronchitis, and complicated after the first infection by the growth of various other parasitic organisms, such as pneumococcus, streptococcus, staphylococcus, micrococcus, catarrhalis, and Preiffer's bacillus."

Thank you.

JOHN BULL.

Canon **BROOK, Doncaster:** Glad you attack snobs who dress up for church and disparage others. They make man with shabby suit afraid to go.—JOHN BULL.

IVAN KOLOMOETZ,
His Majesty's Prison, Hull

IVAN,—What wonderful stories you must have heard in Russia about Britain before you came here as a stowaway four years ago! And apparently they came true.

For though you owned a motor car and motor cycle you looked on public assistance as a life pension, arrived in your car to qualify for relief, and drew £87 that should have gone to our own unemployed.

After two months in jail you will probably be deported. No doubt you will insist on going first-class at our expense?

JOHN BULL.

Mrs. HARRIET HOPKINS,
St. James' Gardens, Swansea

DEAR LADY,—Middle-aged women may have some excuse for concealing their age, but you have never been able to cure yourself of this harmless little weakness. So when your daughter told you on your hundredth birthday that you were a centenarian you replied, "What nonsense!"

I can only hope that you will always feel as young as you say you are.

JOHN BULL.

Sir ROBERT HADFIELD,
Sheffield

DEAR SIR ROBERT,—To the best of your knowledge, not a single shell your firm has exported since 1919 has been fired in warfare.

That's not the point. We all know that munitions are not made as ornaments. Compare unarmed Britain with gun-carrying Chicago, for instance, and you will realise the more arms about the greater is the danger for all concerned.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. CHARLTON CURRY, M.P.,
Bishop Auckland, Durham

DEAR SIR,—I like your suggestion that the *Mauretania*, before being broken up, should be sent to the Tyne for a few days, during which the public might inspect her on the payment of a few pence. Equally admirable is your proposal that the money raised in this way should be devoted to the unemployed in the district where this magnificent ship was built.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. E. de VALERA,
Dublin

DEAR MR. DE VALERA,—You believe you see signs of sanity in the British people.

I'll return the doubtful compliment—you, too, appear to be reaching a sane stage. So, now we are beginning to understand each other, let's get together and see if we can't end the difficulties that have been allowed to exist between our two countries for far too long.

JOHN BULL.

LESLIE WILKINSON,
Rockingham, Leicestershire

DEAR LESLIE,—I am glad a subscription is being opened for a presentation to you. Your pluck in driving off a mad bull which was trampling your employer was very creditable for a lad of fifteen, and certainly deserves public recognition.

I wager your fellow Scouts are proud of you!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. F. R. WEST, M.P.,
North Hammersmith

DEAR SIR,—Your statement, "Every motorist who kills a person should be charged with at least manslaughter if not murder," is both wild and silly.

I advocate the most drastic penalties for reckless drivers, but don't forget that some fatalities are caused by the carelessness of pedestrians.

People shouldn't be charged with murder unless there are reasonable grounds for supposing they have done murder—whether they are tinkers, tailors, motorists or M.P.s.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. JOHN PENROSE,
Tintwhistle, Cheshire

REV. SIR,—No wonder parishioners are annoyed at your stopping an exhibition of card tricks at a children's party, following your ban on dancing and amateur theatricals.

"Children should not be allowed to see cards," you declare. Is even the childish game of snap so very wicked?

JOHN BULL.

Driver TILLEY,
L.N.E.R., Grantham

DEAR TILLEY,—I rejoice beyond words that you detected a strange noise in your engine when driving the Night Scotsman near Welwyn. Twice you pulled up and when the engine was finally detached from the train it became derailed and a broken axle was revealed.

Had the train been wrecked on the near-by viaduct a terrible loss of life must have resulted, and the passengers owe you a debt of eternal gratitude.

JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN GILMOUR,
Home Secretary

DEAR SIR JOHN,—Some of the Hunts magistrates who are also county councillors want to occupy the Bench when the county council prosecutes, and are likely to appeal to you on the matter.

If they do, I trust you will reply that people who think they can be both prosecutor and judge ought never to sit on a Bench at all.

JOHN BULL.

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Here Goes for the Easter Parade!

Easter, the most thrilling festival of the year, calls us to the outdoor world and the open road. Enjoy it!

by A. G. Gardiner

LET us pack our rucksacks, forget the silly world of men, and "go forth and share the overflowing sun." For Easter is here, the sun is high in the heavens, the hedgerows are bursting into green and the pastures are "smo'ored wi' new grass," as they say in the Yorkshire dales.

It was a pleasant fancy of earlier times that at Easter the sun itself became merry and pirouetted in the heavens in sheer revelry of spirit. When the poet wanted an image to describe his mistress's dancing he found it in the Easter frolics of the sun.

"And O! she danced in such a way,
No sun upon an Easter Day
Was half so fine a sight."

We are too prosaic in these days to indulge in such innocent fancies, but Easter is still the festival of the sun. We greet its return to our latitudes from its winter tour over southern lands and seas as the bringer of good tidings. The night of the year has passed, and the bright day has come.

We in this favoured island have less reason to grouse about our winter than most people. We have an equable temperature and a green world all the year round. Charles II said that this was the only country where people could get out and about without discomfort every day of the year. Perhaps with the wider knowledge we have to-day of other lands, Charles would qualify this praise, but it is true that no country has a more friendly and genial winter than ours.

Nevertheless, the coming of Easter with its announcement of the resurrection of Nature is the most thrilling festival of the year. It calls us to the outdoor world and the open road, spreads before us the whole pageant of summer and summons us to a new way of life. It is the way back to the sanities and refreshments of Nature.

I have a vision of the nation dispersed this week-end over the countryside and engaged in a thousand pleasurable and wholesome activities. From every village green will be heard that cheerful music of bat and ball which is as authentic an announcement of the good time that has come as the shout of the cuckoo across the valley or the sweep of the swallow over the meadows.

A very eminent poet of our day once wrote scoffingly of "the flannelled fools at the wicket," but for my part I know of no more civilised and civilising spectacle than that presented by a well-set cricket field.

Joyous stampede

Would that the world abroad had more of that spectacle. I never return from the Continent to England without feeling as I journey through the pastures of Kent that the happiest contrast we offer to other countries is that presented by our playing fields with the youth of the country disporting themselves at cricket or tennis. And not the least pleasant of my anticipations of the festival that is upon us is that of seeing our "flannelled fools" engaged once more in their wholesome and humane recreations.

And what a joyous stampede there will be this week-end from the crowded cities to the great open spaces of the country, the mountains of Lakeland and Wales, the moors of Devon and Yorkshire! The stimulus which the Youth Hostel movement has given to the discovery of England is one of the most gratifying facts of the time. In this respect we have been as far behind Germany as Germany has been behind us in organised games.

This was due less to the lack of that "wanderlust" which is the natural instinct of all healthy young life, than to the fact that there were no facilities for the accommodation of the wanderers at a cost within their reach. It was the provision of such accommodation that has made the beauties of the Black Forest, the Rhineland and the Hartz mountains familiar to generations of young Germans and has inspired them with that passion for their country which is one of the sources of Germany's strength.

Now the youth of this country is equipped with the same simple and economical means for exploring their country. There is a lodge in the wilderness for all who seek adventure by the woodland track and the mountain pass. I do not know how many of these homely wayside refuges have been established, but I know that it is now possible for the youth of to-day to tramp over the length and breadth of the country with the assurance that at each stage of the journey they will find a night's rest in orderly, well-managed hostels, and at a cost that even the scantiest purse can bear.

I shall be surprised if this Easter does not witness an unprecedented invasion of Scafell and Great Gable, Snowdon and Llewellyn, Dartmoor and Exmoor, the New Forest and the Black Mountains, and all the noble solitudes that are still left to us free from the desecration of ribbon roads and the exploitation of the despoilers. May the explorers have a joyous Easter and come back to their tasks with a vision which will deepen and enrich their passion for their homeland.

And in this connection, may I express the hope that the Jubilee Trust, which the Prince of Wales has inaugurated as a memorial of the King's Silver Jubilee, to be devoted to the service of the youth movement, will not forget to be generous to the Youth Hostels. I know no direction in which the interests of youth can be better served.

No lovelier time

Not all of us can spend our Easter in these strenuous exercises, and for such as cannot there will be a welcome at the multitude of seaside resorts, which should profit by the unusually late occurrence of the festival, and by the modest revival of prosperity in the country.

And even those of us who, for this reason or that, find it necesary to keep our Easter at home, will have our share of this festival of the open air. "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there," sang Browning from his beloved Italy, and there is no lovelier time in the London parks than these late April days when the plane trees are bursting into leaf and all Nature is tingling with the new life and the greensward is merry with the gambols of happy children.

Nor must we forget that vast and increasing public which will spend its holiday in the most ancient and honourable of all pleasures. We are a nation of gardeners. Nothing surprises the visitor from overseas more than this characteristic.

Sun's baptism

The modern development of transport in sending the town dweller out into the country has enormously increased the practice of the art. And Easter is the season when the activities of the garden are at their maximum and when the true garden-lover finds the most satisfying fulfilment of a holiday in planting and sowing, digging and mowing, and preparing his garden borders for the pageantry of summer.

So for all of us, whether at home or abroad, scrambling up the screen of Helvellyn, playing tennis or cricket, cultivating our gardens or joining in the Easter parade of the shore from the sands of Bournemouth to the sands of Blackpool, this is our baptism of the sun, our festival of the open air. May we all enjoy it!

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

P.C. Datas

NOW and then there are days when
I pause in amaze
At the rules of the road I don't know;
Regulations galore and new signs by the score
Confront me wherever I go!

Though with care I may drive, I will somehow contrive
To shock an official in blue,
Who tells me that what I just did (or did not)
Is something no Briton should do!

But this is the way that I manage each day
Of new laws to learn two or three—
Without midnight oil or vast book-reading toil—
From the lips of some learned P.C.

But a "roads scholar" now needs an extra-high brow,
For although he imagines he knows
All the rules, year by year scores of new ones appear,
So his ignorance steadily grows!

The above complaint from a car-driver who is driven to suspect that his ignorance is bureaucratic bliss is scarcely surprising.

For in his annual report, Lord Trenchard, Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, mentions that the traffic regulations published during the year numbered between 300 and 400 pages.

And the cry—a cry of dismay on the part of the motorist—is "Still they come!" Each day brings its daily quota of "do's" and "don'ts," and a "do" to-day may be a "don't" to-morrow.

For it would appear that the general attitude of officialdom toward motorists as a class is that of the mother who instructed the nursemaid to "Go and see what Johnnie's doing and tell him he mustn't."

Lord Trenchard suggests that when regulations are so numerous the average policeman may find the task of mastering them too much for him, and this, to put it mildly, seems not improbable.

But if the task of mastering 300 or 400 pages of new regulations is too much for the "cop" who is expected to enforce them, may it not also be too much for the motorist who is "copped" if he fails to comply with them?

So many visiting film starlets have given it as their considered opinion that our London police are "wonderful" that it would be ungracious to doubt it. But it is allowable to doubt if they are quite so wonderful as those who frame traffic regulations would appear to assume.

One way and another, it would seem that the modern traffic cop is expected to combine the talents of a K.C. with those of a P.C., and in addition to boast a memory calculated to make Datas seem like an absent-minded beggar.

A person who for long remains
A traffic cop knows no monotony,
But has to exercise his brains—
That is, assuming that he's got any!

New traffic laws are born each week,
For "experts" spend their time in making 'em;
And lo! the traffic cop must seek
For miscreants intent on breaking 'em!

Since drivers cannot store away
Within one brain and cerebellum, too,
The laws they're called on to obey,
They do whatever *he* may tell 'em to!

That he should know so much and be
Equipped for warning or admonishing
Proves that the present-day P.C.
Has mental pow'rs indeed astonishing!

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WALLPAPERS from 2d. ROLL. NEW 1935 Designs. Patterns Post Free. — BRUCE AND HALL (J.B.), SOUTH SHIELDS.

DANCE NOVELTIES and Advertisement Balloons. List free.—NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, 228, Mile End Road, LONDON.

WALLPAPERS (All British).—Free Book 1935 newest designs by return post.—Eclipse Wallpapers, Shields Road, Newcastle, Tyne.

TAKE A PICNIC SET WITH YOU! For holidays and week-ends the fitted set advertised by F. Ford in *John Bull's* "Shop Window" is a real bargain at the price. Turn to page 3 and read more about it.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

COVER THAT ROOM with Artoleum. It's rot-proof and damp-proof. Note the big 15/- roll advertised in the "Shop Window" on p. 3.

WALLPAPERS.—THE BLAKEY MORRIS FAMOUS PATTERN BOOK POST FREE.—Dept. J.B.55, London Rd., SOUTHWARK, S.E.1.

A WONDER WAVING COMB. For only 9d. you can buy the useful novelty advertised by Wunda-Utilities on page 3.

SECTIONAL BUILDINGS erected for purchasers. All types, including Greenhouses, Garages, Huts, Bungalows, supplied on easy terms. Send for free list to C. Albert & Co. (Dept. J.B.), 187, Brixton Hill, London, S.W.2.

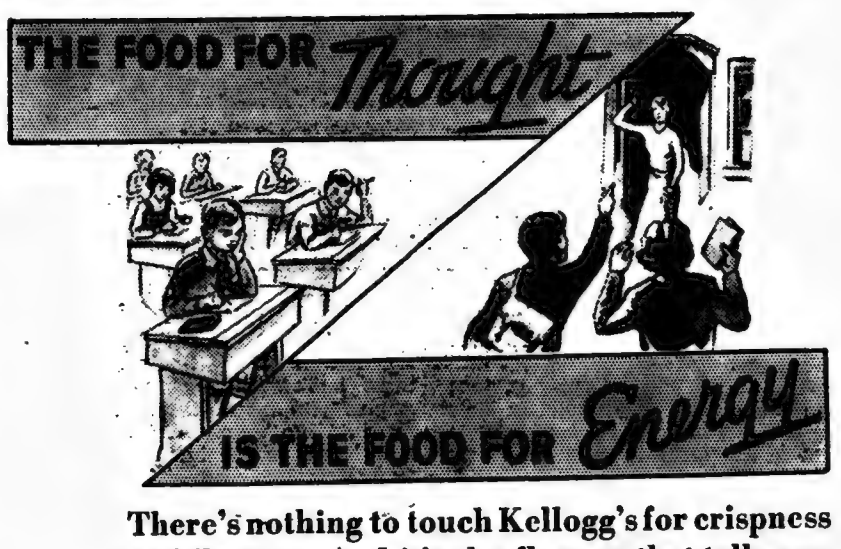
THE finest overalls money can buy! Bolenium Overalls are honest quality all through right down to the smallest detail. The material is the stoutest available, strongest where the strain comes and impervious to dust and grease. The patented brace buckle provides an easy adjustment and bulldog grip. Wear Bolenium and work in comfort. They are always worn by the man who knows! Ask your outfitter or write to the address in the announcement on p. 18 for complete price lists and name of nearest stockist.

FREE.—Send a postcard with your name and address, mentioning *John Bull*, to the Marconiphone Co., Ltd. Radio House, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1, for a free descriptive leaflet, as offered on page 16, of all the Marconi Jubilee Year models, obtainable on easy terms as low as 5/- a week. A coupon appears in the advt., and this can be sent instead, if readers choose to do so.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE Sample of Cephos, the Physician's Remedy for Colds, 'Flu, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica. Safe and effective. In Powders and Tablets.—Send p.c. to Cephos, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Blackburn.



There's nothing to touch Kellogg's for crispness and flavour. And it's the flavour that tells you how good Kellogg's must be! Kellogg's Corn Flakes are made from the very pick of the corn. Growing youngsters need Kellogg's nourishment once a day at least. Serve straight from the packet with cold milk or cream. No cooking necessary.
Easy to digest. Ten big helpings in a single packet. Sold by all grocers.

6½ Net U.K.

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

Made by KELLOGG *in* LONDON, CANADA 936

THE BIGGEST VALUE IN CEREALS

EVERY EXPECTANT MOTHER should send 2/- for my Baby-clothes parcel on approv. The complete 75-garment Home-made Layette for 20/- (Cash payment or Terms). Carrying Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, L'cloth or Wincey Nighties, Wrapper, Vests, Flannels, Woollies, Petts, Napkins, etc. A superior nursing home quality, 42/-. Also tucking sets 18/6 and 25/-. — MRS. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER ROAD, PORTSMOUTH.

A FREE CATALOGUE that will solve your Furnishing Problems. Jay's Furnishing Stores offer readers of *John Bull* a Catalogue crammed full of bargains of their Spring furnishings, together with full details of the'r special easy payment terms and unique Free Gifts. A free copy of th's Catalogue can be obtained by writing to Jay's Furnishing Stores, Ltd., Dept. *John Bull*, 248, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1.

WRITE at once or fill in the coupon on p. 28 for full particulars (free) of the ELECTROLUX Hygienic Cleaning System. The coupon will bring an attractive illustrated booklet explaining all about this Electrolux Sweeper.

WIRELESS AND MUSICAL.

PIANO ACCORDIONS. 3/- deposit brings you the fine model described in the advt. of J. A. Davis & Co., top of page 3.

CONSTIPATION successfully banished. Chemist's tested formula, 1/3 & 2/- post free. C. Branson, 8a, North End Rd., London, N.W.11.

WEAK NERVES.—If you suffer from Weak Nerves, Depression, Worry, Insomnia, Morbid Fears, Shyness, etc., send for my free book.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.15), 40, Lamb's Conduit St., WC1.

FREE.—48-page book for Asthma and Catarrh sufferers.—Turn to the offer on the back cover. Everyone suffering from these distressing complaints should fill in the coupon for a copy of this remarkable book. Absolutely free. It tells how Dr. Hair made his wonderful health-restoring discovery. Cut out coupon and post now!

RHEUMATIC Sufferers are offered a free sample of a new preparation on p. 27.

FREE.—A generous sample of FEEN-A-MINT, the safe, pleasant chewing laxative, which banishes Constipation, is offered to every reader who sends 1½d. in stamps to White's Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. G21), 15, Thames House, S.W.1. See p. 34.

MODERN mothers, safeguard your health! Thousands of women have maintained health and strength during the critical maternity period by wearing a SPENCER Maternity Belt, individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea, and to give complete comfort and support. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet and name and address of nearest local Corsetiere. Spencer Corsets are also exquisitely designed foundation garments and surgical supporters. See page 24.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. BENTLEY & CO., 65, New Bond St., Ldn., W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CHINA.—18 pc. Teasets 1/11. Cruets of Cups, Scrs., Plates, Jugs, etc., 10/-. Amazing gifts and list FREE.—Direct Pottery, 19, Burslem.

JUST a simple snap shot, but how much better than words to record happy memories for keeps! Very often it's the smallest things that make the most successful pictures—and Kodak makes the most successful picture of all because it's simplest to use. Kodak photographs accurately and without fuss. Snaps made on Kodak film stand out because they get all the detail. They give a "Speaking Likeness." "Verichrome," the famous double-coated picture film, costs only 1s. 2d. and makes fine, clear pictures, whether the day is dull or bright. "Regular" Kodak film costs 1/- for 8 exposures. Always ask for Kodak film—sold everywhere by Kodak dealers. See p. 10.

HAVE you ever tried Kellogg's delicious Corn Flakes? There's nothing to touch them for crispness and flavour. Easy to digest. No cooking necessary — served straight from the packet with cold milk or cream. All grocers sell Kellogg's Corn Flakes in 6½d. packets.

FOR a cleaner, closer and more comfortable shave, use Gibbs' Super-fatted Shaving Cream. The most stubborn beard is unable to withstand the super-fat'ed lather, and the most tender skin finds it soothing and refreshing. See p. 18.

BULMER'S Woodpecker Cider suits everyone. A drink that appeals to countrymen and industrial workers, miners and stockbrokers, must be a worth-while drink. Women, too, find it enjoyable. Bulmer's refreshes in the fullest meaning of the word—it satisfies your thirst and equally satisfies your desire for something worth drinking, but it leaves no after-heaviness. Try a 10½d. flagon—it will solve your difficulty in the choice of a suitable drink for all occasions.

A FREE gift booklet which includes many children's gifts is issued by the makers of Rowntree's Cocoa. These gifts are given in exchange for coupons in every tin. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. XD.12, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York, and a free copy of the Gift Booklet will be sent to you by return.

ARE YOUR CHILDREN LISTLESS AND EASILY TIRED? Perhaps they are outgrowing their strength—shooting up rapidly and spending so much energy they naturally get thin and out. Give them Horlick's regularly at bedtime or mid-morning. It gives nourishment for growth and provides extra energy. It's economical, too—the milk is already in it—you simply add water only. See page 27.

BECAUSE of its rich cream and goodness and because it is so easily digested, Nestlé's Milk has time and again built many a beautiful child from a tiny wasting baby when all else has failed. See p. 29.

HAVE you tried "Sco"—the new oven cleaner? If your grocer or ironmonger cannot supply send his name and address, with 6d., to "Sco," 38, Smedley Street, London, S.W.4, and a free sample tin sufficient for a thorough test will be sent to you. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 31.

FREE to women readers. Samples of Hazeline Camomile Golden Hair Wash and Hazeline Camomile Shampoo will be sent in return for 3d. stamp to cover cost of postage and packing on application to the firm whose address appears in the advt. on p. 33, wherein this free offer is made.

HAVE you sent in your entry in the Nestlé's Milk Chocolate Competition? £800 in cash prizes are being given away every month. This month's competition closes on April 30. Don't overlook this unique opportunity to win valuable cash prizes. 1st prize, £500; 2nd, £100; and hundreds of others!

SEND for this free Booklet! Prof. A. M. Low has written an interesting treatise on "The Truth about Soap." If you are into getting value for your money and in safeguarding health and beauty, write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Messrs. Wright, Layman & Umney, Ltd., Dept. Y.3, 44/50, Southwark St., London, S.E.1, and a copy of the Booklet will be sent you free.

WRITE to Dept. 67/71, Euthymol, 59, Theobald's Street, London, W.1, for a week's supply of Euthymol Tooth Paste as offered in the advt. on p. 27. Euthymol keeps teeth clean and free from decay germs.

SMOKERS will readily appreciate the delicate taste in Kensitas Cigarettes, which are made only from clean centre leaves of the finest Virginia tobaccos. Next time buy a packet—they are mild—they satisfy. Turn to p. 4.

VALUABLE Booklet free. A mine of information on the important subject of teeth is contained in a special booklet, "Long Live Your Teeth," which readers who write, mentioning *John Bull*, to D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), London, E.1, can obtain free and post free without obligation.

NAIL-BITING. A real cure at last! Free booklet, sent privately for 1½d. stamp, explains how you can free yourself (or children of this objectionable, health-endangering habit. Filley, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

WORKLESS treated like CONVICTS

UNEMPLOYMENT is a curse in the life of millions of workers, and its long-drawn-out horrors are being enhanced by the new form of tyranny described by the innocent title of "Test Work."

In theory, it would seem a desirable thing that workless men should have an opportunity of preserving their self-respect by being kept occupied; but in practice it has developed into a senseless system of slavery.

What happens is this. When men who have been unemployed for considerable periods apply for relief from the local Public Assistance Committee, they are granted a small allowance on the express condition that they do "Test Work."

This is of various types ranging from stonebreaking to chopping wood, and the payment for a week's work of this description averages from ten to fifteen shillings. For the greater part this enforced labour is similar in many respects to that done by convicts in prison gangs.

Hobson's choice

It is true that the unemployed man who is offered "Test Work" is a free agent up to a point, and can refuse to do this task. But then his allowance from the Public Assistance Committee ceases automatically, so it is really a case of Hobson's choice!

Recently we have received a number of complaints from unemployed victims of this new form of coerced labour in many parts of the country, but we are concerned for the moment with "Test Work" conditions as they exist in Bradford, in the heart of the industrial North.

A John Bull representative who has investigated conditions under which "Test Work" is carried on at the Young Street depôt, Bradford, and other depots in the town has discovered facts that are deplorable and demoralising.

Young Street depôt, where about five hundred men are employed, has already been criticised by Dr. David Black, a member of the Bradford City Council.

"Those who had not any experience of test work," he recently declared, "should try and picture a quarry and men who were working there bringing out large boulders and taking them into sheds.

"In these sheds there were other men breaking stones with hammers. It was like a prison scene to see the desolation and humiliation expressed on the faces of the men at work.

"Others were employed in chopping wood and tying the sticks into bundles. Conditions were enough to break the morality and the vitality of any man breathing," added Dr. Black.

This is no exaggeration of the conditions as they exist at the Young Street depôt, Bradford. For there about five hundred men are engaged in work in circumstances which remind the onlooker of a slave gang.

Recently we wanted a photograph taken of the interior of this melancholy building, but the authorities refused permission. Having seen the interior, we can understand the reluctance of the authorities to allow the scene to be recorded by the camera!

The views of one of the workers may be taken as typifying the general feeling.

"I have no objection to doing work of any kind under decent conditions," he declares, "but the conditions at Young Street are dirty, unhealthy and degrading.

"At least 80 per cent. of our five hundred are either physically or mentally unfit for the test work, which for the sensitive becomes a form of torture.

"Sometimes something happens to relieve the deadly monotony of our labours. Last week a young man fell down in a fit. He lay on the ground for about twenty minutes, and was then trundled home on a handcart with old sacks as a covering."

So it goes on. Breaking stones, chopping wood, five hundred men with despair in their eyes and misery in their hearts. . . .

Poorly clad, many of them obviously under-nourished, these men trudge drearily to their enforced task each day.

If the weather is bad and their boots take water, so much the worse for them. The work has to be done.

At the end of the week they draw their few shillings in payment for their futile labour, out of which those who come considerable distances from the outskirts of the town have to pay their own 'bus fares.

How long?

Another crying scandal is that the members of the test work slave gang are allowed only one and a half days off a week in order to look for work. What chance have they of succeeding in this quest in such limited time?

How long this deplorable system will continue can only be decided by the authorities concerned with the problems of unemployment as they affect our big industrial towns.

Certain it is that the "Test Work" system as it exists is too often a degrading and revolting form of enforced labour which can only suitably be described as slavery.

The unfortunate unemployed have no redress. Unlike convicts in prison, they cannot look forward to the day when their term of imprisonment is ended.

The melancholy building which is the Young Street, Bradford, depot, where the workless are set to breaking stones and other enforced work similar to that done by convicts depicted on the left.

For many of them who have been unemployed through no fault of their own for years there is little hope of securing work.

If they cannot find an employer then they must continue indefinitely as members of the slave gang. There is no alternative except slow starvation or the workhouse.

One of the unfortunate facts about test work for the unemployed in Bradford is that it is uneconomical. That is to say, the income arising from the work done by these five hundred unemployed men does not cover the cost of running the test work centres!

The endless breaking of stones and chopping of wood is utterly futile. There is no profit either for the City Council or for the men themselves in this depressing and degrading system of forced labour.

Futile work

If the unemployed were engaged in some useful work, attempting to grow food from the land on the fringe of the town, or in making articles of a simple kind, there would be some reason for employing them.

The men would welcome work of a useful nature. What they object to is the senseless, profitless tasks which they are so often set to do.

But in the name of justice and common-sense let the day's work be done under decent conditions and paid for at a fair rate.

To compel men to toil at useless, soul-destroying tasks under such scandalous conditions as exist at Young Street is a negation of everything which we boast of as British fair play.

The conditions there, unhappily, are similar to those in other industrial towns.

Quite recently we told a pathetic story of a widow in Loughborough who was faced with the loss of her meagre allowance from the Public Assistance Committee unless her son performed prescribed 'test work."

In this instance the work consisted of digging, and after a gruelling week's work the reward consisted of a food ticket for 10s.

The problems of unemployment have to be met and conquered, but this will not be done by forcing men into what can only be described as slave gangs. That way lies injustice and tyranny of the worst type.

Two Gallant Parents

THIS is a simple story of two John Bull readers of whom we are proud. One of them, unfortunately, is dead—killed with the baby she tried to save.

Husband and wife, they showed themselves the stuff that heroes are made of when their little home was turned into a flaming hell at dead of night. Their one thought was their children—and each other.

Just before midnight on a recent evening John Glynn, of Harpurhey, a suburb of Manchester, decided to go to bed. There were duties still to be done by his wife, Rose, so he left her downstairs.

Soon the whole family—mother, father, William, Kenneth and baby Beryl—were asleep.

Meanwhile, downstairs, tragic things were happening.

* * * *

Looking out into the night to see what was lighting up the night sky, Lily Clancy, a neighbour, saw that the home of which the Glynn family was sleeping was ablaze. Flames were pouring up from the back rooms in hideous cascades. She ran to a police box to summon help.

Meanwwhile, Ernest Perkins, another neighbour, had heard voices coming from the doomed house. Looking up, he discerned, through the smoke, a pair of hands appear at the upstairs window. They dropped a bundle to the pavement below and then went gently back over the window-sill.

And inside? How Mrs. Glynn woke her husband with the words "Something is wrong," and how Mr. Glynn went downstairs to find the living room a roaring mass of flames, which actually pursued him up the stairs and threw all-devouring tongues into the bedroom as soon as he could reach his wife, are things mere words can hardly describe.

In that moment of re-union there seemed to flash some sort of unspoken arrangement. The husband ran through the flames to save his two sons. He handed Kenneth through a window to William on an outhouse roof, and then, when he turned to find himself faced with a raging inferno, collapsed with the words: "Good God, your mother's done!"

His heroic wife, for her part, tied her baby into a little bundle and dropped it out of the window to the crowd below. Her hope was that it would be caught, but it fell to the ground and was killed.

"Two hands fell gently back into the flames," is how an eye-witness described her heroic death.

* * * *

Two John Bull readers. We are proud of them both.

Every week they read the copy they shared. They filled in the coupon which is reprinted to-day on page 2. And so we have been able to help with a cheque for £550, representing the benefit payable under our free insurance scheme, plus £50 bonus, as they were readers of more than three months' standing.

If you have not already done so, you should sign that form at once. But, above all, we want you to know the story of two supremely brave people.

a 'Merry Andrew' —never old, ever young!

You can always recognise a "Merry Andrew" by his cheery, up-and-doing spirit. He looks and feels years younger than his actual age..... believes in keeping fit—*and* happy. His health secret is Andrews Liver Salt.

Sparkling, pleasant-tasting Andrews *cleanses internally*, brightening and invigorating the whole system. A glass of Andrews, taken once or twice weekly, helps to ensure clearness of eye and a lively, get-things-done outlook on life in general. If you are not as fit and happy as you would *like* to be, try Andrews and see how soon you, too, may become a "Merry Andrew." 4-oz. Tin 9d., 8-oz. Tin 1/4d.

ANDREWS LIVER SALT

S7

£1,500 and 34-Guinea Radiogram Won in Crossword Competition No. 360.

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following two competitors, who share the £1,250 offered:

L. Moorhouse, 80, Heys Road, Ashton-under-Lyne.
R. Rawlins, 10, Maple Square, Southend-on-Sea.

To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £625 will be sent. Mr. Moorhouse qualifies also for 34-Guinea Radio Gramophone.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, April 30th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between the following 28 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error and who will each receive £5 15s. 5d.

28 Runners Up—one error each.

Andrews, Mrs. H. B., 57, Springwood Rd., Heeley, Sheffield; Bayley, R., c/o 164, High St., Acton, W.3; Bennett, W., 51, Tockholes Rd., Darwen, Lancs; Billington, Miss F., 27, Willows Rd., Cannon Hill, Birmingham; Burnley, Mrs., Regent St., South Hiendley, Barnsley; Churcher, H., Long St., Williton, Somerset; Garbutt, J. E., 62, St. James' Rd., Sutton, Surrey; Hodkin, C. H., 22, Stratford Place, Thorpe Hesley, Rotherham; Holding, D. S., Freda, Allenby Rd., Biggin Hill, Kent; Lewis, G., 10, Ala St., Llanelly; Mackenzie, Mrs. E., 73, Carr Rd., Fleetwood; Mather, Mrs., 101, Moss Lane, Swinton, Manchester; May, T., 13, Hanover Rd., Tottenham, N.15; Meadows, A., 629, West Derby Rd., Tuebrook, Liverpool, 6; Ormerod, H., 21, Park Avenue, Bartonsdawick; Parkinson, G., 128, Thomas Lane, Liverpool, 14; Payne, Miss G., 16, Laton Rd., Hastings; Quinsey, J., 1, Chestnut Ave., Highgate Rd., Birmingham; Reeves, J. E., 15, Bernard Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham; Rogers, F. O., Longworthe, Hamilton Rd., Bridlington; Smith, Mrs. M., 58, Harringay Rd., London, N.15; Smith, Mrs. T., Llettywiwer, Glais, Swansea; Smith, T. C., 356, Hagley Rd., Hasbury, Halesowen; Stone, W., 57, Cheadolm Rd., Stoke Newington, N.16; Swire, Mrs. L., 192, Queen's Rd., Halifax, Yorks; Webster, Mrs. A., 86, Salter Gate, Chesterfield.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

Surprise Awards were won by 196 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.

This week's "John Bull" Contest offers the opportunity of winning £5 a week for Life and £500, or a lump sum of £900. The winner will also receive a 34-Guinea Pye Radiogram. There are also handsome prizes for runners-up which must be won. Turn to Page 36 NOW.

Sayings of Saucy Boy'—

A miss is as good as a mile

insist on MASON'S 'O.K.' SAUCE

6° per bottle
Family Size 9°
(nearly double)

Another delicacy—MASON'S MUSTARD SAUCE

For OBVIOUS REASONS

For obvious reasons this is the time for you to invest in a new radio. There are weeks of unique Jubilee broadcast programmes ahead, and during the next few years superheterodyne radio of the modern type is going to be more and more necessary for perfect separation and reproduction of Europe's elaborate network of programmes.

For obvious reasons also, a Marconiphone is the instrument you should have. ***It is the only radio which needs no introduction, no explanation and no justification.*** Its unique superiority in home entertainment, with 25 years lead of all others, is obvious the moment you compare it with any other instrument. You will never be really satisfied until you have a Marconiphone. Why not use the coupon below and secure your instrument in time for the Jubilee programmes? Post it now and we will send you a fully descriptive leaflet and place you in touch with your 'Local Marconi-men' upon whom you can rely for prompt and experienced service.

MARCONIPHONE

The model illustrated above is the

Jubilee Year Superhet Radiogram

A 5-valve 7-stage instrument of very latest design and the keenest possible performance. (Model 287 for A.C. mains.)

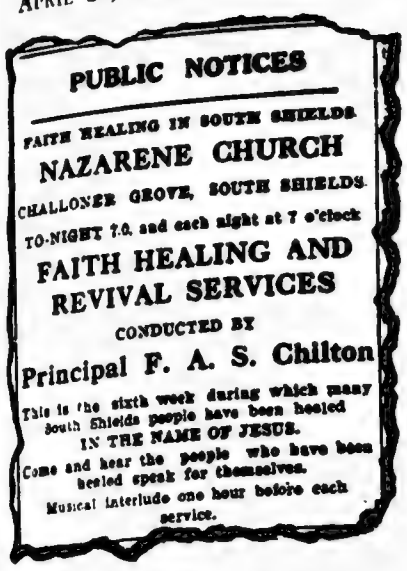
22 GNS OR **5/-** PER WEEK

APPLY NOW *for an illustrated descriptive list of the Marconi Jubilee Year Models and the address of your local Marconi-men.*

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... J.B. 20.4.35

To the Marconiphone Company Ltd., Radio House, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.1


PUBLIC NOTICES
FAITH HEALING IN SOUTH SHIELDS
NAZARENE CHURCH
CHALLONER GROVE, SOUTH SHIELDS
TO-NIGHT 7.0. and each night at 7 o'clock
FAITH HEALING AND REVIVAL SERVICES
CONDUCTED BY
Principal F. A. S. Chilton
This is the sixth week during which many South Shields people have been healed IN THE NAME OF JESUS.
Come and hear the people who have been healed speak for themselves.
Musical interlude one hour before each service.

Faith Healer's CRUEL HOAX

THE above announcement in a Northern newspaper has been brought to my notice, and from enquiries I have had made it is clear that a word of warning is desirable.

With Faith Healing so much in the news, it was to be expected that there would be renewed activity on the part of opportunists who know that so-called spiritual healing services can be conducted with profit.

My postbag shows all too clearly what untold suffering and misery may result from charlatanism of this sort, and I hasten to warn readers against the individual behind the present campaign in South Shields.

In recent weeks the streets of that town have been plastered with bills advertising a special "Revival and Divine Healing Campaign," conducted by Principal F. A. S. Chilton at his headquarters, the Nazarene Church.

"The Blind Shall See and the Lame Walk. The Deaf Shall Hear and the Dumb Speak," are some of the phrases used in extolling this red-hot campaign. Small wonder that a large number of people suffering from serious, and often incurable, complaints are attracted by such specious promises.

There is no need to describe the scenes of emotional stress that have taken place at the Nazarene Church. It is enough to say that this plausible "Reverend" gentleman is a past-master in the art of working up his congregation to a pitch of unhealthy excitement.

Without limit!

In the porch of the Nazarene Church, which is a converted warehouse entered from a side alley, are two somewhat dirty but framed copies of the "Revival News," a publication containing photographs and details of alleged cures.

There is one picture of a boy standing with two crutches in his hands, the suggestion being that a cripple, thanks to the healing power of the Rev. Chilton, has been able to discard crutches.

Then there follows a description of a girl who, after being an invalid, has been cured of spinal meningitis! This girl, according to the printed report, made such a remarkable recovery that she "walked out of the service in high-heeled shoes."

Again there is the case of a boy cured of paralysis; another of an adult cured of rheumatism. In fact, there is no limit to the claims for cures made by this mountebank in a clerical collar.

There are poor women and girls among congregations of the Nazarene Church who have the misfortune to be deaf, and although some of them have been persuaded to go up on to the platform and "testify" that they have been cured, the fact remains that they are still afflicted. I seek in vain for scientific evidence that Chilton has cured any real case of organic disease.

Cripples who, according to his claims, have been "cured" are still being wheeled about the streets of South Shields in their invalid chairs. But the work of the "Rev." F. A. S. Chilton and his campaign of alleged faith healing goes on.

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

Each night meetings are held at the Nazarene Church and each night members of the congregation are affected by a form of mass hysteria. All the time there are collections—sometimes as many as three at one service! Then there are envelopes for special thank-offerings, while a charge is made even for hymn sheets.

What the income of the Nazarene Church is no one except the Rev. Chilton knows. The financial side of this South Shields Mission of Healing is a one-man affair.

With regard to the alleged cures of which the "miracle" man boasts, a resident of South Shields, who has special knowledge, declares quite definitely: "I have yet to come across any genuine cure that has been made by Mr. Chilton."

Yet the pastor of the Nazarene Church still claims that through his laying on of hands "thousands of people have been healed" "In this town alone," he adds, "forty-two people have been healed of blindness and deafness, and the lame are now walking."

Chilton is no novice at this sort of thing. He has operated in a number of Northern towns, including Newbiggin, Blyth, Hartley, Tynemouth, Ashington and Gateshead.

How Chilton comes to be Principal of the Nazarene Church, or by what authority he acts as a faith-healer, is difficult to discover.

He was, I find, at one time a variety artist, so there is little doubt that this training in the art of acting has been of the greatest possible use to him in his present sphere of activity.

There is much about some of the services which are held at the Nazarene Church, South Shields, that remind the onlooker of a music-hall act. There is the same appeal to the "gallery," and the same trickiness in putting over a gag.

"I must have patients, or I shall lose patience," is one of his typical jests—all of which seem out of place in a building which is described as a church.

I will say nothing much about the financial side of the Rev. Chilton's activities in South Shields except that he has been reluctant on many occasions to settle loans which he has had from members of his congregation.

There was even a fellow missioner from a near-by town who sold him some wooden forms for his church. Because of his repeated delays in paying for them the seller threatened to seize them.

When Chilton finally decided to pay under extreme pressure he did so in spasmodic instalments.

There was another occasion when he had organised a special day's outing for women supporters of his church, which involved a railway journey. The day before the outing the railway company insisted that the fare money should be paid—or the trip was off. Now, the women had paid weekly in advance for this outing, but the finances were apparently muddled.

Ring returned

Anyway, Chilton called on a supporter and asked for a loan to pay for the railway fares. This supporter came to his aid to save the women from disappointment. He in turn had to recover repayment of his loan in small instalments after threats of legal action!

On the whole I can find little that is inspiring in the record of the "Rev." F. A. S. Chilton, whether at South Shields or at the many towns on the North-East Coast where he was previously active.

His early activities do him little credit, and there are many people in his home town who remember Chilton with mixed feelings

Cannock, the Staffordshire mining town, was his birthplace, and his parents are hard-working, well-respected people. As a young man, Chilton carried on business as an electrician, but his trading methods were open to criticism, for he incurred a number of debts which he did not satisfy. Even the workmen he employed were not always paid their wages. Several summonses were issued against him for money claimed to be due.

One young woman has a particularly unpleasant recollection of Chilton. He paid her ardent attention, and when eventually they became engaged Chilton presented his sweetheart with an expensive diamond ring.

Unfortunately, he forgot the necessity of paying for the ring, and in the end the girl had to return it to the jeweller from whom it had been obtained. After that the engagement was broken off.

At one period in his career at Cannock Chilton ran a concert party which he named "The Bluebirds." He was the leader and principal performer. Entertainments were given in the local halls, but here again Chilton's financial direction was at fault. He incurred expenses which he did not meet, and so the troupe had to be disbanded.

It was a revival mission at Walsall, which he attended, that gave Chilton the idea of religious enterprise.

Then suddenly he left the district—incidentally at a moment when creditors were pressing—and the next heard of him was news that he had become "Pastor Chilton" and was conducting his own missions in the North of England.

Perhaps wisely, in view of his reputation, Chilton has never conducted missions in his own part of the country.

The man's blatant humbug about cures makes him now a dangerous meddler in matters of chronic illness, and it is a shameful thing that the blind, the lame, and the deaf and dumb should have false hopes raised in their hearts by this mountebank in clerical attire.

The "Rev." F. Chilton in the midst of guests at one of his social gatherings; and (left) the entrance, in an alley, of the Nazarene Church

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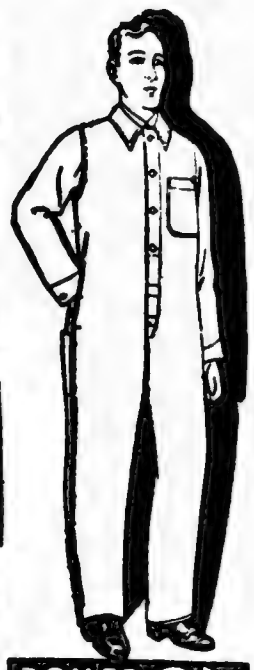

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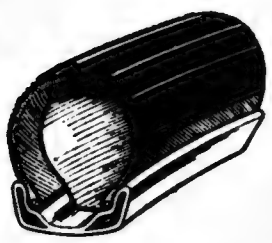

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COUNCIL'S SHOCKING MASS EVICTIONS—

THE scene in Nelson Terrace, Swansea, after the evicted tenants' goods had been turned into the street

14 FAMILIES *Flung into Street*

THE most heartless eviction we have heard of in recent years happened soon after dawn one morning, a week or two ago, in the borough of Swansea, in Glamorganshire.

In this seaport town of South Wales, a posse of bailiffs and policemen appeared in a thoroughfare called Nelson Terrace, and put the goods and chattels of fourteen families into the street!

The eviction of these unfortunate people from a building known locally as the Old Training College was authorised by the Corporation of Swansea, which is the landlord concerned.

It is doubtful whether any eviction of recent times has aroused a greater or more widespread feeling of indignation and resentment against a public body.

The eviction involved eighty-three men, women and children, who were thus suddenly rendered homeless and destitute. This year of grace has witnessed no scene more pitifully distressing than this mass eviction of Corporation tenants.

During nearly fifteen years the Corporation of Swansea has extracted rents from these families.

No alternative

Yet at very short notice these men and their dependents were expelled from their humble abode. And since then they have had no alternative but to go into the workhouse. This means that families have been broken up, husbands and wives going into different wards and children over five years of age being sent to the local Cottage Homes.

All this naturally involves heavy costs which the hard-pressed ratepayers will eventually have to meet.

Among those who have thus been rendered homeless is Mr. George Thomas Griffiths, who served in France for four years during the war, and who has now a wife and seven children to support.

Another is John Daly, an old soldier whose record dates from 1902, and yet another is David Davies, an able-bodied seaman who served with the Royal Navy and whose wife and five children look to him for their modest requirements in life.

Even more sad is the plight of William Parker, who suffers from severe head wounds he sustained in the war, and for which he receives a disability pension.

Neither widows nor widowers with their school-going children have escaped the merciless eviction.

One widow, with seven children, was among the distracted crowd that gathered at the workhouse gate that fateful morning.

It is an ironical fact that in this same Old Training College from which these fourteen families have been evicted was a recruiting centre where many of the ex-Servicemen enlisted in the fighting forces during the war.

Indeed, twelve of the fourteen fathers are men who saw war service, so their bitterness is easily understandable.

Shattered windows

They, of course, could not foresee this event of the year 1935. The buildings in which they have lived since the war have continued to be an eyesore, wretched hovels of disaster and despair in which Want with a capital letter has been a usual feature.

The Swansea Corporation, though it has accepted rents from the fourteen tenants of the premises discarded by the military authorities when their purpose was served, has made no effort to keep them in repair or in anything like reasonable condition.

Windows have been shattered for many years, doors have been hanging on one hinge.

One concession

The accommodation for the families consisted merely of cubicles. So rude and unsightly were these dwellings that they became a byword. The residents found it impossible to secure alternative accommodation with other landlords.

The final blow to their feelings came when the Swansea Corporation itself deemed them to be "undesirable," though their children were well cared for, well nourished, and in regular attendance at school.

The problem of obtaining other accommodation became more acute than ever. In February last the tenants of the Old Training College were given final notice to quit

At this stage the General Secretary of the Swansea branch of the British Legion interviewed the deputy town clerk without avail. The Mayor of Swansea was waited upon by a deputation of working men who asked the Corporation to stay its hand.

The only concession made was an extension for ten days, during which the officers of the British Legion submitted suggestions and proposals, all of which were abruptly rejected.

A list of possible alternative dwellings was compiled, yet in the face of this the Corporation insisted the eviction should be carried out on the appointed day.

Two days before the eviction the Town Clerk wrote the British Legion declining the request that was made for a further extension. Efforts made by two local clergymen who interested themselves in the plight of the eighty-three inhabitants of the Old Training College were fruitless.

Ample time

Thus were these fourteen respectable families turned into the road. They might even have lost their precious goods and chattels had not the British Legion provided transport and removed them to safe storage.

The scandal is heightened by the fact that had these fourteen families been evicted under the official slum clearance scheme the Corporation would have been compelled to provide reasonable alternative dwellings for each family removed.

While the authorities are right in condemning the premises as a dwelling, they have had ample time in which to make proper arrangements for rehousing the unfortunate inmates.

What of them?

It is a grave reflection on public administration that an entire community of honest and peaceful people should be rendered homeless and made to suffer because of the misdeeds of a body appointed by the ratepayers to govern their affairs.

It has been intimated that when the Old Training College has been demolished a Nursery School is to be built on the site. Yet of the eighty-three people now evicted, fifty-six are children between the ages of fourteen months and fourteen years. What is to happen to them?

The scandal is one that should be immediately investigated by the Ministry of Health.

Homely Wisdom—by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

New Sight

MOST of us have heard of the remarkable case of a young man who has recently had his sight restored by an operation after being blind from infancy.

He confesses that his first feeling was one of disappointment when he was enabled to see the world as it actually is. He had imagined that the people with whom he was surrounded day by day, old and young, would be God-like creatures with kind, beautiful, gentle faces.

* * *

Instead he found that the majority of human faces looked unhappy, greedy and cold. Later on he received a more friendly impression; but the fact remains that where he had expected to perceive harmony and grace, he saw ugliness and gloom.

The disillusionment is similar to that experienced by a man of English birth who paid a visit to the homeland last year after residing in a foreign country from early childhood.

He had idealised England and looked forward eagerly to spending the evening of his days among us. He has given up that desire and gone back to where he came from, saddened and perplexed.

Where is the England of his youth? His brief visit has convinced him that it does not exist. The people he met in the streets of our great cities, he says, nearly all seemed to wear a hard, strained expression, devoid of sympathy and joyous hope.

Poor England! He might have given us a better report if he had waited a little longer. It is the incessant stress and struggle of life that produces the outward appearance that has disappointed both of these observers who pictured in their mind's eye something so very different. But are we not all more or less blind? If we could see into one another's hearts and understand better one another's difficulties, we should probably discern more to pity or to admire than to condemn.

* * *

The old saying that love is blind is only half true. The fuller truth is that it is only love that can see. Love sees both faults and virtues in a loved one to which indifference and hate are blind.

Your unanointed eyes shall fall
On him who fills my world with light;
You do not see my friend at all;
You see what hides him from your sight.

Charles Dickens wrote a charming story about a father who devoted his life to caring for his blind daughter. He was poor and shabby, possessed no good looks and could not afford anything beyond the most meagre furnishings for their little home.

He did not let his child know this; he encouraged her to think of him and of their surroundings as handsome and dignified in every way.

* * *

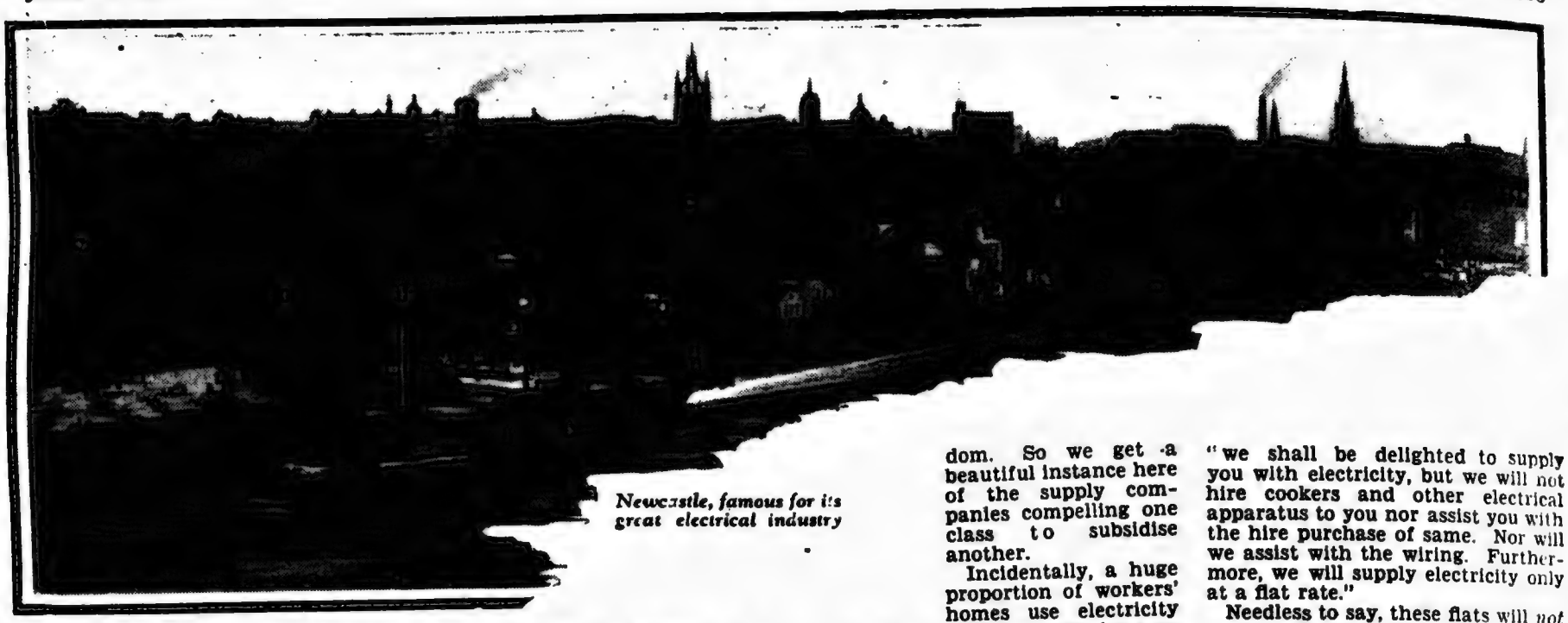
The day came when, as in the case of the young man above mentioned, a successful operation was to give the daughter her sight.

The father both longed for and dreaded it, for he thought she could do no other than despise him when she saw him and the conditions of his life as they really were.

The miracle was accomplished. She saw; but she observed things for herself before revealing that she saw. And then she told him in tender terms that what she saw was finer far than the imaginative picture he had affectionately painted for her to help her to bear the long years of darkness.

She now saw him as nobler and more unselfish than he had led her to believe, and they were more to each other than ever.

We can desire no better gift than the ability to see and appreciate the best in our fellow-men.



Newcastle, famous for its great electrical industry

LAST week, in an introductory article to this series on the *real* scandal of the Grid, JOHN BULL asked—*"Where is the Cheap Electricity?"*

We spoke about the six million homes which are without electricity at any price, and about the millions of others who can only obtain it at excessive cost. This week we shall reveal *why*—and *how*—the miracle of the Grid is being wasted and frustrated.

The root of the matter lies, as we indicated before, with those 600 odd distributive undertakings through which alone the householder and other consumers must buy their electricity. They are the middlemen; they are the gate through which the plentiful, cheap supply from the Grid must flow before it can reach the home. In most cases the gate is only half open. In many other cases they merely buy cheap—to sell as dear as they dare.

Electricity is different from most commodities in this—that the greater the demand the cheaper it becomes to the consumer. It costs very little more in main cables to supply a hundred houses than to supply ten. The more users means the more profit, some of which can be passed back to the consumer.

The three ways

At the generating end, also, demand cheapens supply. Electricity must be used as it is made. It cannot be stored like other commodities or, say, gas. If the amount generated is not immediately used, or if plant is not working near to capacity there is waste, and consequent extra charges to the consumer.

The creation of this demand, and so the provision of cheap electricity to the homes of the nation, is in the hands of those supply undertakings. How are they fulfilling that responsibility?

We will say at once that any increase in the use of electricity in this country has been *in spite* of the majority of the supply concerns, and not *because* of any tangible co-operative effort they have made to increase demand. And it would be difficult to name any industry in this country whose record shows less enterprise in the national interest and more regard for immediate profit than the supply undertakings, whether Corporation or privately owned.

There are three chief ways whereby most undertakings are impeding electrical development in this country and retarding the advance of the Grid.

The first is by unjustifiable and excessive charges. The second is by sheer inability to appreciate large consumer demand, otherwise inefficiency. The third is by backwardness, or deliberate unwillingness, to further the use of electricity, because of political, clique or other ulterior considerations. There is scarcely any label too harsh for this last point.

With regard to the first point; we do not refer merely to excessive and differing charges for the use of electricity, of which enough has been said already, but to the lesser-known capital charges.

Double cost

For example, it is standard practice by certain supply undertakings to make a charge for connecting a new consumer to the main—and this charge can vary from £10 to £1,000. We mentioned a case last week of a Birmingham reader who was quoted £170 by the company concerned for connecting him up.

Before us is a case from a reader in the London district who happens to be a technical expert on electricity. He had to pay £12 for having a supply cable run the few yards from the street into his new house.

He points out that he could have had it laid by outside tender for a little over half of this sum, but that this procedure is not allowed by the supply undertaking. Also that his house is using 8,000 units a year of electricity—meaning £30 a year revenue to the suppliers.

So the supply company is "on velvet" all along the line. It gets its branch cable laid free of cost and even makes a profit on laying it. In addition, it gets a new outlet for its electricity with consequent profit on the amount used.

It owns the cable, too; because although the consumer pays for it, we have yet to hear of one bold enough to dig the cable up and take it away with him when he gives up his house.

Unjust charge

There are thousands of cases like this of our readers up and down the country. Some companies will plead that while they make these connection charges in the case of middle-class homes, they make no charge at all for streets of working-class houses.

But in those instances it will usually be found that there is only a very short length of cable from the street into the houses.

Actually, these costs are often more than covered by the charges made to the inhabitants of villadom. So we get a beautiful instance here of the supply companies compelling one class to subsidise another.

Incidentally, a huge proportion of workers' homes use electricity for lighting only, simply because many undertakings will not give facilities for hire or hire purchase of cookers and heating apparatus, and the tenants, of course, cannot afford to buy these articles.

Thus our reader using 8,000 units in his all-electric home can be a better customer to the supply undertaking than a whole street of working-class houses.

Yet it makes him pay dearly for the privilege!

But we see the capital charge racket working at its worst with regard to the new housing estates.

This business of unjustifiable charges for mains is holding back electrical development to an enormous extent. Apart from the charges made for connecting up individual new houses, many undertakings have been known to demand guarantees from builders of small estates for the entire capital costs of laying the street main as well as the branch cables into the houses.

In one case the sum involved on an estate of about twenty houses was over £600. If a builder does not care to find this money the houses go without electricity. When he does, the cost is often slapped on to the houses and so the tenants find the money.

All distribution charges should be free. On the "all in" charges which are usual throughout the country the user pays a fixed sum per annum over and above the amount charged for the current he uses. This first sum is supposed to cover working costs such as the laying of supply mains. Why, then, should the consumer be asked to cover this item twice?

Modern, but . . .

With regard to our second charge against the distributive undertakings—that of sheer inability to appreciate large consumer demand—there are countless examples of this all over the land; but to illustrate the point it will be sufficient to give one notorious case which high-lights the whole question.

There is at present in the course of erection in the south of England a block of 2,000 workers' flats. These flats are spectacular in design and the builders have combed the whole of Europe for ideas. They represent the last word in modernity, and are one of the finest achievements so far in working-class housing construction.

Naturally, it was part of the original design that the flats were to be all-electric, and the local undertaking was approached. "Yes," said the Company in effect, "we shall be delighted to supply you with electricity, but we will not hire cookers and other electrical apparatus to you nor assist you with the hire purchase of same. Nor will we assist with the wiring. Furthermore, we will supply electricity only at a flat rate."

Needless to say, these flats will *not* now be all-electric. By this lack of enterprise the Company have deprived the working-class residents of the boon and amenities of electricity, and itself of an estimated sale of 4,000,000 units per annum.

Well content!

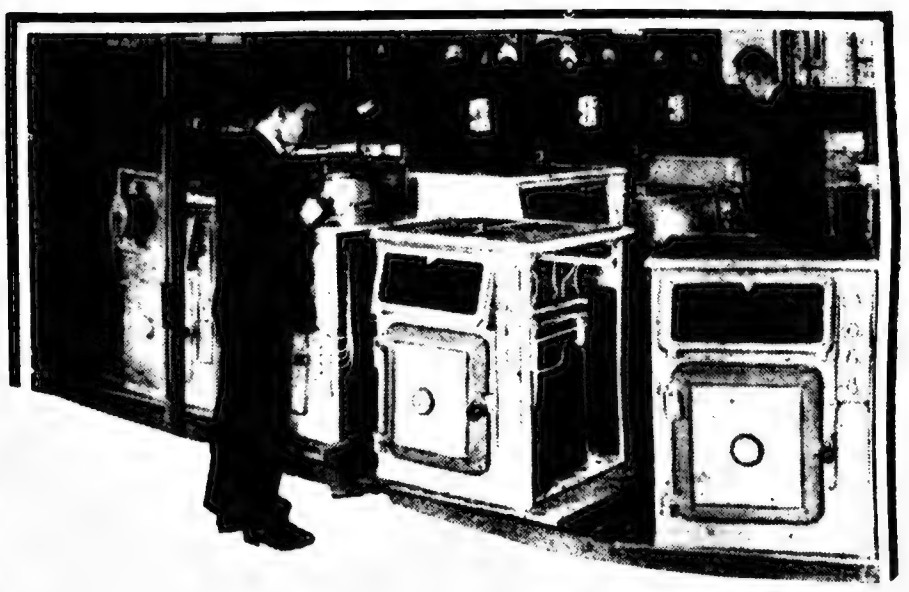
The Company is like many other undertakings. In this year of grace and electricity it does not possess a showroom for the display and sale of electrical appliances, nor does it appear to spend much time or money on pushing electrical sales.

It is content with things as they are—well content, to judge by its profits.

Our third charge against the undertakings, of sheer unwillingness to further the use of electricity and of gross backwardness, covers that point. Let us go into the provinces and see what they are doing.

She wants that great mod... but how she has to pay! ... over and ...

The BIG ELECTRIC Bill Racket



First-class electric cookers in the making; yet local undertakings make it more than difficult for householders to obtain them.

—Staggering Charges or No Light at All!

First, let us look at Birmingham. It has a population of more than 1,000,000 people, and is one of the most prosperous cities in the country. It is also the home of the electrical industry, which finds employment, directly and indirectly, for some 70,000 citizens. Yet according to some recent returns 50 per cent. of the city has not got electricity laid on.

The supply undertaking is the Birmingham Corporation. It quotes a low price, admittedly, for its electricity, but development has been very poor in view of the huge potential demand.

Out of its 145,000 consumers about 70,000 are the big ratepayers like shops and offices who use electricity chiefly for lighting only. Only about 10 per cent. are workers' homes. You will find this kind of class distinction—the evil of low price to big ratepayers and no supply to others—in practically all large towns such as Sheffield, Leeds, Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh.

Birmingham, for instance, makes half the electric cookers turned out in Britain. Its output is about 75,000 a year. Yet its own Corporation is a poor customer for the local industry. According to recent figures the undertaking had only 3,168 out on hire, and was increasing development only at the rate of 500 a year.

...modern convenience—electricity—...uy! Even the meter she pays for, ...and over again.

Great evil

Another large town is one of the worst cases in the country of backwardness in electrical development. *No less than 92 per cent. of the population has not got an electrical supply!*

In most of the streets in the most densely populated areas there are not even electric mains. The supply is in the hands of a private undertaking, whose policy seems to have been small outlay and quick returns.

Glasgow is another city which has little to boast about. The Corporation sells electricity cheaply but—70 per cent. of the population has not got it. Recently a new industry was established there for the West of Scotland's unemployed—the manufacture of electric cookers.

But again the Corporation has been a poor customer. Glasgow's half-million population own or hire a total of 5,539 cookers; increase is at the miserable rate of ninety a year. The new industry lives on its exports to England, not on its huge home market.

Edinburgh has a similar record to Glasgow's; 55 per cent. of the population is not supplied. By autumn last year there were only 936 cookers on hire in Edinburgh, a paltry increase of thirty-eight over the previous year! So these two chief towns of Scotland supported a new Scottish business to the extent of 128 orders for cookers between them in a whole year.

Deliberate unwillingness for a variety of reasons, as well as mere backwardness, also plays its part in impeding development.

In some localities the Corporation undertaking refuses to hire apparatus or give similar assistance because local electrical tradesmen are strongly represented on the Council. To protect their profits they insist that consumers must come to them for apparatus.

In others, there is gas or similar competitive undertakings and the electrical supply department is given a quota which it must not exceed. In more districts again, it is not allowed to canvass for new consumers nor spend money on publicity campaigns. *In any case the allotment for publicity of all the undertakings of Britain is only one-half of one per cent. of their revenue.*

As one example of the attitude of some Corporations to the modern marvel of the Grid, the Lanarkshire County Council recently flatly forbade electricity to be put into any new houses in its area. It would not have electricity at any price.

Yet, by contrast, Dumfriesshire, the adjoining county, in spite of its scattered rural population and consequent high costs in cables, is almost wholly electrified and is still developing. As a result it is attracting new industries from the backward counties.

Out of the chaos

Wigtownshire is another progressive area. Stranraer, a small town with less than 6,000 inhabitants, will soon have as many cookers as Edinburgh.

The Clyde Valley Company, a private undertaking, is an object-lesson to many of the Corporations. It has thrust forward with development far and wide in its district, and has penetrated strongly into Lanarkshire in spite of the opposition and obstruction which we mentioned as prevailing in that district. Last year this one company had 6,000 cookers on hire, and was increasing at the rate of 1,000 a year.

But these good examples are few and far between. They stand out from the chaos, inefficiency, obstruction and wholehearted profit-grabbing of the bulk of the 600 other undertakings which have got the electricity supply of the country in their grip.

In these first two articles JOHN BULL has stated the case in general against the distributing undertakings. There are many minor inflictions and much other chaos in connection with the electricity supply which we could have dealt with in more detail.

Such things as meter rents, for instance. A meter usually costs the undertaking about 25s. And the average householder charged two or three shillings a quarter in rent for this apparatus thus pays for it over and over again.

Fattened profits

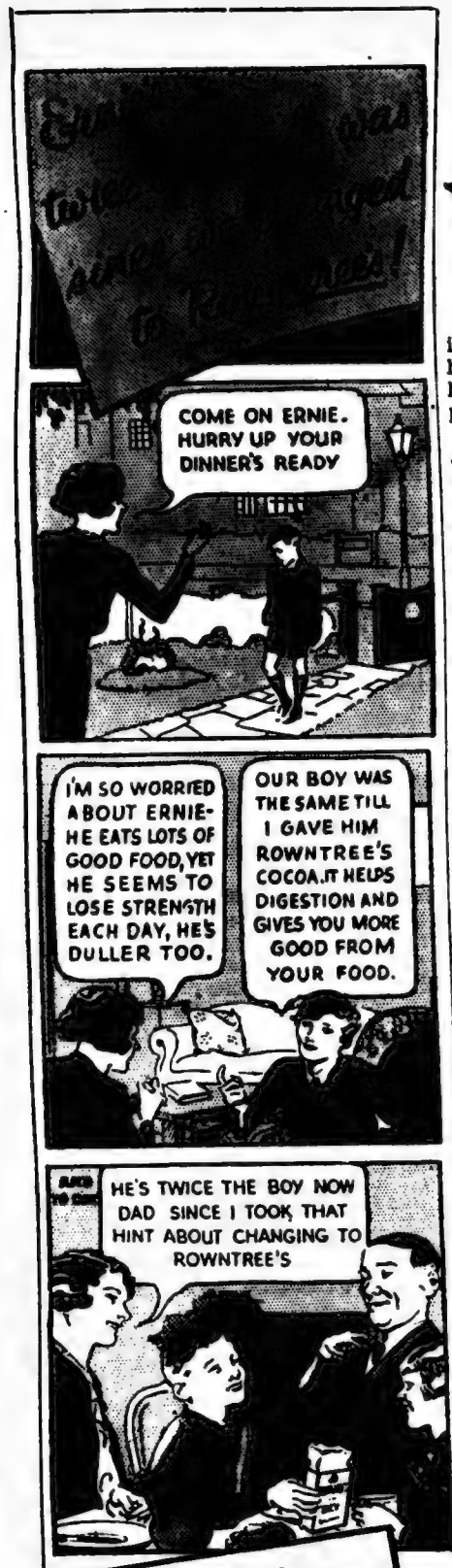
There is no need to name companies because there would be no space to do so. But a casual perusal of the accounts of a few undertakings reveals such items as these: Meter rents £10,000, number of consumers 14,000; meter rents £248, number of consumers 720; meter rents £6,200, number of consumers 11,000—and so on. There are hundreds of undertakings who fatten their profits on this exasperating charge. The fact that a few hundred others can afford to make no meter charge shows how unjustifiable the whole thing is.

And then there is the slow rate of conversion from D.C. current to the more modern A.C. current. In particular, this has held up the sale of hundreds of thousands of pounds of wireless and other electrical apparatus.

One London company used to leave the "change-over" process to be effected by its workmen in their spare time. In consequence the change used to proceed at the rate of seven consumers' lines a week. A new manager with younger ideas has rushed the rate up to 70 changes a week. But even that is not enough and there are many more undertakings where the "change-over" rate is practically stationary.

But we have avoided such details to draw more attention to the larger, national aspect of the electricity chaos. There is a situation here which must be speedily ended. We have stated our charges and brought the evidence.

Next Week: *An All-Electric Britain—the Only Way*


COME ON ERNIE. HURRY UP YOUR DINNER'S READY
I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT ERNIE- HE EATS LOTS OF GOOD FOOD, YET HE SEEMS TO LOSE STRENGTH EACH DAY, HE'S DULLER TOO.
OUR BOY WAS THE SAME TILL I GAVE HIM ROWNTREE'S COCOA. IT HELPS DIGESTION AND GIVES YOU MORE GOOD FROM YOUR FOOD.
HE'S TWICE THE BOY NOW DAD SINCE I TOOK THAT HINT ABOUT CHANGING TO ROWNTREE'S
He's twice the boy
Mrs. NEWTON, 1 Epworth Street Hull.
" I was worried about Ernie. He seemed so tired and dull — yet I gave him the best of food. One day a neighbour told me her boy was the same. Then she tried Rowntree's Cocoa. It helped his digestion and he got more good from his food. My Ernie has been much better since I changed to Rowntree's. He's twice the boy now — sturdier and stronger than ever before."
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DRAMA DROPS *Out of a* BOOK

—*And Wrecks My Life*

WHEN young Montague brought me the letter I recognised the handwriting immediately and congratulated myself, even before I began to read it, on my admirable impassivity. For though Harry Rawlings had left the school two years before, he *had* been a master with us and appearances must be preserved.

"*Beloved—Why do you torment me so?*" The handwriting was atrocious, and, though I had wrestled with hundreds of pages of Rawlings' manuscript, it still took me some time to decipher the whole letter. A mad fellow, Rawlings! The last paragraph was characteristic: "*You can't say 'no!' You mustn't—for I shall put a bullet through my brain if you don't answer 'yes.'—Yours ever, Harry.*"

Montague was watching me curiously. A nice fellow, eighteen years old and head of my house. More than thirty years before I had been head of the house myself. One feels tremendously important.

"Very interesting," I said. "Perhaps a trifle over dramatic, eh, Montague? Still . . . I'm glad you showed it to me. No doubt young Hanny thought it was quite a find."

"Yes, Sir; I should say he did. I didn't hear about it until yesterday. Then I learned that he had been showing it all round the house — charging threepence a time, too!"

That annoyed me. I thought I had cured young Hanny of his enterprise. Only the term before I had thrashed the boy handsomely for raffling a half-sovereign and making fifteen shillings profit out of the deal.

"Threepence seems a lot," I observed. "The young dog returns to his vomit, Montague. Well, we shall deal with him shortly. I still don't understand how the letter came into his possession."

"It came from the library, Sir; the one in the town. They found it stuck between the pages of a book some subscriber had returned. The address is clear enough and the signature isn't unlike 'Evan Hanny.'"

★

I NODDED. "Ever Harry"—"Evan Hanny"—it was like enough.

"So they posted it to him? Very thoughtful and considerate of them. The librarian, of course, doesn't know that Hanny is only fifteen. Can *you* make out the signature, Montague?"

"No, Sir. None of us can. But there was a lot of guessing. I thought it seemed the right thing to have Hanny into my study. He's a cheeky little devil. Said the letter belonged to him and practically told me to mind my own business. I—I dealt with him, Sir.

"There was a typewritten note from the library as well. Simply: 'Dear Sir, The enclosed letter seems to be of a very private nature, and we trust it will reach you safely at the address given.' Or something of that sort. Hanny's got it still, I expect, if you want to see it."

"I don't; but I shall certainly see Hanny. That is, unless you had rather I didn't, Montague? I think you've handled things very competently."

He smiled and looked pleased. "Decent of old Birdie!" he was thinking. I knew and I smiled, too.

"The fact is," he said, "I told Hanny I should speak to you. It's rather an out-of-the-way case, don't you think, Sir? A bit outside the competence of a prefect. The letter itself, you know. Like something out of a book, isn't it?"

"More than like," I agreed. "It *is* something out of a book. By a highly 'modern' author, presumably. However—Thank you, Montague. You might send Hanny along, will you? I'll see him at once."

I was glad Montague had not called a prefects' meeting to discuss this business. Rawlings' handwriting was so very unusual. None of the boys seemed to have recognised it so far, but that seemed pure luck.

Sooner or later, I thought, one of them would have remembered that fist; yes, even though Harry had ceased to be a schoolmaster two years before. Sometimes I envied him. When I saw his first book through the press for him—all the time I was telling him what a fool he was to chuck up a perfectly safe job for the hazards of writing—I suppose I was really jealous.

And when the reviewers flung superlatives at him and Phyllis said she had always *known* how brilliant he was, why, then, for a little while, I was bitter with envy.

Need I have been? Probably not. At all events we were good friends. Besides, the glittering prizes aren't won for nothing. Rawlings, I thought, seemed to have enough troubles of his own. I should have to tell him how I came to read his letter. And then, no doubt, listen to his ravings about the lady. He always felt what he said—when he was saying it.

I read the letter again with faint amusement. It was like him to use no other address than the name of the town, which is also the name of the school. And no date; only "Tuesday."

"BELOVED,—*Why do you torment me? Why do you keep out of my way like this? Darling, things can't go on as they are—it's Hell! I can't bear it: living on glimpses of you; seeing you at an occasional dinner; always with other people. . . .*

"*Sometimes I feel I'd sell my soul for one touch of your hand. Say that you will come to Hampstead? No one need ever know. I wouldn't care to ask you but for what you said that one evening. You DID say you loved me. I shall be at the flat all next week—'business with publishers.' But I can't write—I can't even think clearly—for longing.*

"*I shall be waiting for you all the time. You CAN'T say 'No!'—you mustn't—for I shall put a bullet through my brain if you don't answer 'Yes.' . . .—Yours ever, . .*" HARRY."

★

HE wouldn't, of course, do anything of the sort, I reflected, but the lady probably did not know him so well as I did. I couldn't help wondering who she was, for the "possibles" did not seem numerous in our small town's social circle.

The arrival of young Hanny interrupted my speculations. I always have found it hard to be fair with boys of his stamp—smooth, politely insolent, with no feelings to appeal to. Except physical feelings, of course, and, to give them their due, they have pluck.

"You sent for me, Sir?"

(*Continued on page 24*)

"... Rawlings sitting in that very room, his manuscript on the desk, and the sudden light in his eyes when the door opened and she stood there laughing at us and asking whether we were never going to finish"

JOHN BULL *Readers' Stories*

No. 126

Once she was just 'the girl with the pretty sister'

JILL VAUGHAN? OH YES, THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY SISTER
JOAN DEAR, WHY AREN'T I AS POPULAR AS YOU ARE?
IT'S YOUR COMPLEXION DEAR—TOWN AIR'S GIVEN YOU 'TIRED SKIN'
WELL, HOW HAVE YOU AVOIDED IT?
BY ALWAYS USING KNIGHT'S CASTILE -IT'S SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE
THEY TOLD ME JILL WAS THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY SISTER - BUT I THINK JOAN IS

Your skin becomes "tired" if the healthy stimulant of sweet, clean breezes never reaches it—and then good-bye to a really attractive complexion *unless you use Knight's Castile*. Knight's Castile is specially made for the face: its generous foaming lather revives and feeds the vital beauty glands on which your loveliness depends. Give your complexion this wonderful help *from to-day*; a tablet of Knight's Castile costs only fourpence—and what wonders it will work for your skin!

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Powder Flask 1/-

KEATING'S POWDER THE PROVED INSECTICIDE

BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

DRAMA DROPS OUT OF A BOOK—*Continued from Page 22*

TELL-TALE POSTMARK

"Yes. The letter. . . . What have you to say about it?"

"What letter?" he began, but he caught my eye and stopped fooling.

"What can I say about it, Sir?" he complained, eyebrows lifted. "It came to me from the library, and that's really all I know about it."

"When did you receive it, Hanny?"

"First post on Thursday, Sir."

"And you don't recognise the writing?"

"Not in the least. Why, do *you*, Sir?"

That was sheer impertinence, but I wished I had not asked the question. The young devil looked surprised and interested. I thought a good lie was called for.

"No, I do *not* recognise the writing," said I, "and I must remind you, Hanny, that the letter was addressed to you."

"Only by the library, Sir; not by the writer. It doesn't seem to be exactly the kind of letter anybody *would* write to a man at school."

He certainly didn't lack assurance and I bit back a smile.

"At all events," said I, "you read it, Hanny . . ."

"Not all of it, Sir. Only what I could make out. It's the vilest handwriting."

"You not only read it," I went on, "but you've been showing it round the House, and, worse still, charging a price for it. There are certain things, Hanny, that are not done. I had to explain that to you last term. You seem to have forgotten."

★

"BUT this wasn't a raffle, Sir," he protested.

"It was not. It was something worse. I want to know what you and the other fellows made of the letter when your great brains had pieced it out?"

"Well, it seems pretty obvious, Sir," he said sulkily. "It's either a letter written by some fellow who has gone potty about a girl, or else somebody has been playing a joke."

"A queer kind of joke!"

"Yes, Sir, that's what I thought. Not at all funny."

"So you are still in the dark."

"Yes, Sir; absolutely."

"Very well. You haven't replied to the library, I suppose."

"No, Sir."

"Then don't. I shall take charge of the letter. And now, Hanny, I am going to cane you. And, if I ever hear of your doing any further—er—'business' of this nature I warn you that you will go to the Head. Understand?"

With a faintly mocking smile the boy said that he did. I dealt faithfully with him, but, as I have said, that kind of boy usually has pluck and Hanny was no exception. He left the room with tight lips, and, probably, without malice.

Left alone I debated in my mind whether I had better burn the letter or return it to Harry Rawlings. I should like to have asked my wife what she would do about it, but Phyllis was away just then stopping with her married sister in Croydon. I don't think I should have shown her the letter, although I should have been tempted to do so.

The question was whether Rawlings himself would prefer to know or not to know. Women are extraordinary creatures! And yet I couldn't understand how the deuce *any* woman could have been so monstrously careless as to leave a letter of that kind between the pages of a returned library book.

I reached the telephone and asked for Rawlings' number.

"Mr Clampton speaking," I began, "I want to speak to Mr. Rawlings."

It was the housekeeper who answered me. She told me that he had gone up to London and that she didn't expect him back for at least a week.

So he had gone! The letter was dated "Tuesday." Perhaps it was only six days old. In that case the lady must have left it in her library book the very day she received it, for it reached Hanny on the Thursday morning. I began to wonder if there was any woman in our small circle of acquaintances at all likely to fascinate Harry Rawlings.

I could think of none; certainly none who had gone up to London. No one but Phyllis. I smiled and then found myself staring at Harry Rawlings' letter as a man might stare for a second at a bomb which had fallen at his feet.

Blind! How could I have been so blind? Little things I had never noticed were suddenly sharp and clear in my memory. Rawlings sitting in that very room, his manuscript on the desk between us, and the sudden light in his eyes when the door opened and she stood there laughing at us and asking whether we were never going to finish. . . .

Phyllis herself, reading those damned reviews and looking up at me. "I always *knew* how brilliant he was!" That's why I grudged young Rawlings his success.

★

YOUNG. . . . They were both young. And I should be fifty-one next birthday. "Old 'Birdie' Clampton! He played for the 'Varsity once upon a time. He was still coaching the school at the nets. Wouldn't last much longer, though. Old Birdie! Fifty-one, fifty-one, fifty-one!"

God knows I fought against the doubt that assailed me. My friend, Harry Rawlings. And my little wife. And then, almost as though I could actually see her, I pictured her standing in the hall—on *Wednesday* morning—with a library book under her arm. And I started from my desk and threw the letter into the fire and watched it burn.

At breakfast next day the housemaid brought me the *Times* and my correspondence. On the top of the pile of letters was one from my wife. The envelope bore the Hampstead postmark! She hadn't even remembered to post it in Croydon.

It all happened so long ago, otherwise I shouldn't tell this story. I never saw Rawlings again and Phyllis only once. They did not defend my divorce suit.

He married her immediately afterwards, in the spring of 1914. And she died when their baby was born. But Harry's luck held until the end, for he was killed at Ypres on the same day he became a widower.

I was too old even for that. Now I am past seventy and long past work. Is it fair that one man should have all the luck?

"The Greatest of These—"

Widow's One Wish

ANTHONY, who will be two years old next month, was two months old when his father died as the result of being severely shell shocked in the war, for which he received a life pension of 12s. a week.

The last six months of his life meant constant strain and anxiety for Anthony's mother, who took care of her husband when he was suffering from delusions.

Anthony

She has now three boys, aged ten, eight and two years, to keep on her pension of 21s. a week and pay 10s. 6d. in rent.

The rent fell behind and the bailiffs were put in. Then a good friend came to the rescue by lending her the £4 10s. to clear her rent and clear out the bailiffs.

The problem is how, out of 10s. 6d., which is all she has after her rent is paid on which to feed and clothe her family to save anything towards her debt.

Because she is a good cook and can provide a nourishing and tasty dinner for the kiddies on less than 1s. the boys are healthy. She has a reputation for being able to do on 10s. where others would spend £2. From the age of fourteen until her marriage she was in the same situation.

Undoubtedly Anthony's mother is worth encouraging and helping, yet all the Public Assistance Committee suggest is that they should place her boys in homes and leave her free to take a situation. "But," she said, "I love my children and would not part with them. I never leave them alone; I am always with them."

She was recommended to us as "deserving of help," and we believe our sympathetic, warm-hearted readers will help her by sending donations earmarked "Anthony."

As our general fund is also harassed and "deserving of help," we should like to fill its empty nest with a supply of Easter eggs in the shape of subscriptions.

Donations earmarked "Anthony," and "Easter Eggs" for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Race with "Silver Ring."

EASTER EGGS

GOING racing should not present much difficulty this Easter-tide, wherever one happens to reside.

On Bank Holiday meetings are scheduled for Kempton, Birmingham, Newcastle, Manchester, Carlisle, Hereford, Huntingdon, Market Rasen, West Norfolk, Wincanton, Eridge, Torquay, Towcester and Wetherby.

In addition, there are three meetings in the Emerald Isle.

The Queen's Prize, at Kempton Park, is the outstanding event of the day, but there will be also a bumper attendance at Castle Irwell for the Lancashire Chase.

I note that Whiteplains, owned by Sir Woodman Burbidge, has passed the second acceptance stage for the Queen's Prize, and I think business is meant with this useful stayer.

In Jack Jarvis's team he has done a lot of good work lately, with Easter Rush and Caithness. I take the lightly-weighted Miltoi as the danger.

Reynoldstown, Golden Miller, Blue Prince, Delaneige and Brienz are among the cracks left in the Lancashire Chase. The "Miller" may be given a rest, and the tip must be the Grand National winner, Reynoldstown.

For backers at Birmingham, I suggest Jonker (Deck Hill Plate) as the best wager, while visitors to Newcastle-on-Tyne might not do better than a modest investment on Liscloon, engaged in the Bentinck Stakes.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, April 18th, to Wednesday, April 24.

W N 96 G E D V H J I 95 S O Y 97 L R 98 T F 94 M P Q C 93 B A K X U Z

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Examples: 95SQWSD would read BAHRAM. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. A93K2O94W would read SNOOKER.

THE WORLD OVER... they never vary

THE 'TRU-VAC' TIN

50 for 2/6

Sportsmen, Yachtsmen, Travellers, Business Men, anyone whose work or pleasure takes them about the world will appreciate this special Craven 'A' Pack. The 'TRU-VAC' tin keeps your Craven 'A' in a perfect vacuum which prevents damp or dryness affecting the smoking qualities and factory freshness of this famous cigarette. A pull on a rubber tab opens the Tin in a Tick. For all normal conditions Craven 'A' are sold in the 'EASY-ACCESS' Inner Foil Pack and Sealed Fresh in Weather-proof 'Cellophane.'

BIG GAME HUNTING in Africa, tea planting in India, fruit farming in Canada or simply globe trotting, wherever you are you can always buy Craven 'A' and find them as factory fresh and as uniform in quality as if you had bought them here in England. One quality throughout the world.

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10 for 6D 20 for 1/- *The Cork Tipped Cigarette of this Generation*

MADE SPECIALLY TO PREVENT SORE THROATS

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If you want the maximum FOOD VALUE

Always ask for

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and not just 'BROWN' bread

BEST BAKERS BAKE IT

Macclesfield

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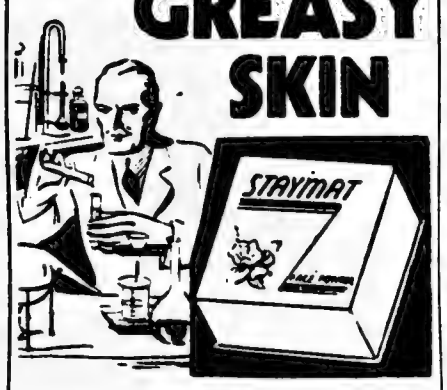

NEW FACE POWDER MAKES GREASY COMPLEXIONS STEADILY GROW PERFECT

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STAYMAT

POWDER FOR GREASY SKINS 6d 1/3 & 2/-

CVS—22

Too Much Children, too Little Husband!

A WIFE who devotes all her time to her children, to the neglect of her husband, should remember that there is a joint ownership of the children—and that they will not always be young and stay with her

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Send your private problems to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

by PHILIP INMAN

THERE are people who say that where there is real love there can't be jealousy. That is a mistaken idea. Shakespeare is far nearer the mark when he says: "Love, thou knowest, is full jealousy."

There is no doubt about the presence of the green-eyed monster in most of us. But sensible folk keep him severely in his place, for it is when he gets out of bounds that trouble begins. And, as my correspondence shows, there is nothing worse in this world than jealousy run riot. Take this problem, sent me by a man:

"A friend of mine who I always thought had been happily married for years came to me the other day and said: 'How I long to be single again.' When I asked him the reason, he continued, 'I have three children, and every day my wife grows more motherly, more attached to her offspring, more exclusively devoted to their welfare. She simply lives for her children, and her love for me is entirely forgotten.

"'I pack my own dinner to take with me to my work, and when I come home at night she is never waiting to greet me like she used to do. She never takes the slightest interest in my affairs, except when I bring home my money on pay day.' This friend told me that he loved his wife and children, and asked my advice as to what he should do. I confess that it is a difficult matter, and I am writing to ask for your help."

Now there are some fathers who are jealous of their own children. They even object to the time and affection devoted to them. I don't think this is one of those cases. My correspondent tells me that this man "loves his wife *and children*." From what I am told, I must lay the blame upon that wife.

THIS woman should be reminded of two facts that are perfectly obvious, but sometimes need to be emphasised. In the first place, those children belong to her husband just as they belong to her. It is a joint ownership. Without him they would never have been born. This man should not now be pushed in the corner and left to fend for himself.

Then it must be borne in mind that he is the wage-earner, and without him it would be a terrible struggle to carry on that home. That fact alone entitles him to consideration from his loved one. This woman would be wise to remember one further point. Those children will not always be young.

They will grow up, and one day, no doubt, leave the parental roof. When that time comes she will need the companionship of her husband. It would be a tragedy if in the meantime his affection were alienated. It is possible that this woman does not realise how one-sided she has become.

It would surely help matters if it is pointed out to her where she is at fault. But who is to do that? I never like interference from outsiders until every other step has been taken. In this case I take it that the husband has done his best to set things right. If not, he should do so without any delay by telling his wife about those things of which he complains.

If he has already done this without any success then I think he might seek the help of his wife's mother or her sister, or any other near relation she may have. It is likely she would take it better from one of her own family than from his.

THERE are some couples who encounter stormy weather shortly after embarking upon the sea of matrimony. Here is a case in point. This girl writes:

"My husband and I have been married about 18 months, and soon after our marriage we settled in a charming but rather primitive country cottage. Almost immediately I had a very severe nervous breakdown, and as the cottage was not a suitable place for nursing an invalid I went to my parents' home, and was away from my husband for several months, as his work obliged him to remain here.

"When I came back I had a relapse and had to go away again. Now I am quite better and anxious to do everything I can to make up for my long absences. The trouble is that he has become insanely jealous of my parents, who he thinks are working against him and trying to get me away from him. He would like me to give up seeing or even communicating with them, at any rate for a time, as a proof that I care more for him and our own home.

"I understand his feelings and am very sorry for him, but I don't see how I can treat my parents in that way. They like him very much, and can't understand what has turned him against them, as they only wish for our happiness. My refusal to give them up is undermining the happy relationship between my husband and myself. What ought I to do?"

BEFORE I can answer that question, there is a good deal more information I should like to have. Was it on doctor's advice that this wife left her own home and went to the house of her parents? Did the doctor consider it imperative that she should remain away for all those months?

I ask because this young husband seems to have got it into his head that his wife was away from him far longer than she need have been. And he puts this down to the influence of her parents. If medical evidence could be produced showing that she had returned as soon as her recovery allowed, then that would remove one bone of contention.

Then what happened to this young man during that long period of illness? Was he left to his own resources? When he went to visit his wife, was he made welcome by her parents? Something must have arisen to have caused him to adopt this attitude. Whatever it is, an attempt should be made to clear it up.

It is, of course, unfortunate that this illness should have developed so soon after marriage, but now this girl is better there is no reason why things should not run smoothly. What I think this young man needs is to feel that he comes first in her thoughts and affection.

By her words and acts, she can give him that assurance. She should also tell him what she has told me—that "her parents like him, and only wish for our happiness." If they, too, when they meet him, let him feel that, he will soon realise how unreasonable he is in being jealous of them.

And here is another problem:

"I am writing to you about a couple who have been married for three years. They have a little girl of nearly two. My husband and I have known them for about 18 months, and we have all been great friends. Many a happy evening we spent together until the man started to behave in a very peculiar manner. As he did not dance, we used to practise the steps with him at home, and we were under the impression that he enjoyed it as much as we did.

"Then after a few weeks he suddenly became sulky towards my husband, although in my presence he was quite friendly. His wife has told me that he is jealous of her dancing with my husband and with other men. If they do go out for an evening, which is seldom, he watches her closely the whole time and then tries to create trouble afterwards.

"She is not a flirt, and is a very good wife to him. Now he has become moody at home, and if he has anything to say he leaves a letter on the mantelpiece when he goes to work. His wife is only allowed to come to see me during the day when my husband is out. He complains that he does not like to see her even speaking to other men. It seems that she had the same jealous trouble with him before marriage, but not as badly as now. Please will you advise all three of us what to do?"

I CAN quite understand the attitude of my correspondent and her husband. They do not want to lose what has been a happy friendship. On the other hand, they do not wish to be a party to the breaking up of a home. The whole trouble is caused by this man's insane jealousy, and when a fellow gets into that state he will believe anything.

I think it is the wife herself who must act. She should have a very straight talk with her husband. Let her point out that he has no cause whatever for his conduct. Make it clear to him that, while he and her home come first, she refuses to be debarred from attending social gatherings.

Tell him quite frankly that unless he is willing to show her more consideration she will be justified in making her own plans independently of him. I hope this will bring him to his senses. In married life there must be mutual trust. No one has the right to make another miserable and unhappy.

Cadburys Fruit and Nut

CHOCOLATE

Into every half-pound block of Cadburys Milk Fruit and Nut chocolate go — seven ounces of Grapes, two ounces of Almonds (weight in shell) and half a pint of fresh, full-cream Milk.

2 OZS 2D

Also Bournville (plain chocolate) Fruit and Nut 2 ozs. 2d.

MADE AT BOURNVILLE — THE FACTORY IN A GARDEN

Cultivate the habit of reading the advertisements in "John Bull" week by week. You will profit by it.

The Guarantee appears in this issue on page 29.

Gives that "Clean" Feeling

Euthymol combines the power to keep teeth beautifully clean with a delightful wholesomeness. You'll enjoy it. Large spring-cap tube from your chemist, price 1/3; or the coupon brings free a 7-day trial sample.

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Please send me a 7-day sample of Euthymol.

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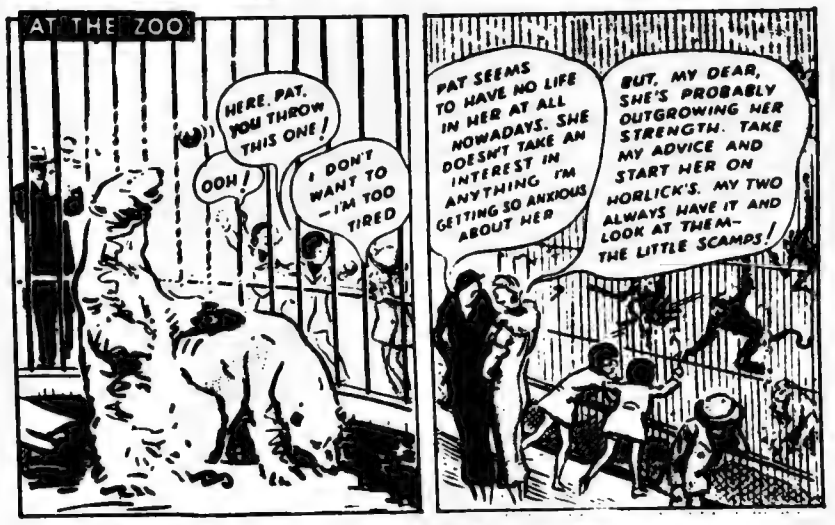
Address.....

DOES YOUR CHILD GET TIRED like my Pat?
HERE'S THE TRAIN AREN'T YOU GLAD AUNTIE MARY AND YOUR LITTLE COUSINS ARE COMING TO STAY WITH YOU PAT?
YES, MUMMY


AT THE ZOO
HERE, PAT, YOU THROW THIS ONE!
OOH!
I DON'T WANT TO — I'M TOO TIRED
PAT SEEMS TO HAVE NO LIFE IN HER AT ALL NOWADAYS. SHE DOESN'T TAKE AN INTEREST IN ANYTHING. I'M GETTING SO ANXIOUS ABOUT HER
BUT, MY DEAR, SHE'S PROBABLY OUTGROWING HER STRENGTH. TAKE MY ADVICE AND START HER ON HORLICK'S. MY TWO ALWAYS HAVE IT AND LOOK AT THEM— THE LITTLE SCAMPS!

THAT NIGHT
LIKE IT, PAT?
UM-M-M. MUMMY SAYS I CAN ALWAYS HAVE HORLICK'S NOW
3 MONTHS LATER
COME ON!! WATCH THE BOAT GO UNDER THE BRIDGE
MY WORD, YOUR PAT'S FULL OF LIFE THESE DAYS
YES, HORLICK'S CERTAINLY HAS BUILT UP HER STRENGTH MARVELLOUSLY

WHAT THIS MEANS TO YOUR CHILD

PERHAPS *your* child is listless and easily tired, like Pat. Hundreds of children are like this. And these children are always the first to go down with winter colds and coughs and 'flu! Your doctor will tell you what's the matter. Your child is outgrowing his strength — shooting up rapidly and spending so much energy, naturally he gets tired out.

Doctors say that Horlick's *regularly* at bed-time or mid-morning will give your child all the nourishment he needs for growth and *extra* energy. Soon he will be bounding with sturdy health and high spirits. And children *love* Horlick's. It is economical, too — the milk is already in it, add water only. Prices from 2/-. Also the Horlick's Mixer, 6d. and 1/-.

HORLICK'S BUILDS SOLID FOUNDATIONS TO CHILDREN'S HEALTH

TWO MINDS ONE THOUGHT

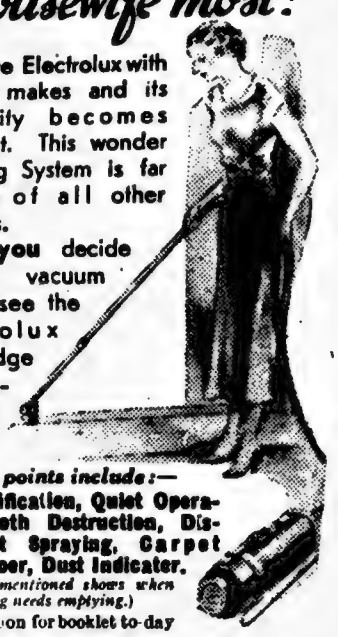
NUTTALL'S RUMBOES

The "Good Companion" to Nuttall's Mintoes

YOU TOO CAN CURE RHEUMATISM

I have treated —— for Rheumatism and Sciatica with URACE brand TABLETS with excellent results; she is better than she has been for years. Sister M. C. N——, S.R.N. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-

Electrolux helps the housewife most!



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Before **you** decide on any vacuum cleaner see the Electrolux and judge by performance.

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Air Purification, Quiet Operation, Moth Destruction, Disinfectant Spraying, Carpet Shampooer, Dust Indicator.
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153-5, Regent Street,
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Works: Luton, Beds.

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Hygienic
CLEANING SYSTEM

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Please send me booklet describing the British-made Electrolux Hygienic Cleaning System.

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POLISH THEM DAILY

The DAILY SHINE for smarter shoes....
The DAILY SHINE for greater comfort.
The DAILY SHINE for longer wear.....
The DAILY SHINE for waterproof shoes

Polish them daily with
Cherry Blossom
Boot Polish
and notice the difference!

CB 7822

JUST a little grey squirrel you think when you see him—pretty and harmless. Twelve inches of silver-grey body, a long fluffy tail; two bright beady eyes—handsome enough to grace even the most beautiful surroundings of woodland or park.

Yet in reality he is a cold-blooded little murderer—public enemy No. 1 of the farmer, the park-keeper, the fruit-grower; sufficiently formidable to be the subject of a special report from the Ministry of Agriculture to local authorities.

As he flashes past along the ground or momentarily loses himself amongst the branches of a tall tree, where he is practically invisible, children exclaim delightedly. Even the grown-ups smile indulgently, for he is a universal favourite with those who have not suffered from his depredations.

He has won his way into the hearts of the English as easily as he has eaten his way into the heart of our country—ravaging, pillaging, laying waste acres of the land that has sought to give him hospitality; that has welcomed him since his forefathers a hundred years ago first reached these shores.

Just a squirrel; yet a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing—the more dangerous for his charming ways—the more insidious for his disarmingly innocent air.

He is American in origin, hailing chiefly from the northern United States and Southern Canada.

He was known in England as early as 1828; but it is only in the last forty years that he has bred and spread from the Home Counties to the Midlands and North of England, until his ravages are now felt in such distant parts as Exeter and Bournemouth, Northern Scotland, Southern Wales and Ireland.

Now he covers an area of no less than fifteen thousand acres.

Gamekeepers and farmers hate and fear him. Fearless himself, he will attack and kill young pheasants and partridges. He will rob almost any nest of its eggs, for his appetite is voracious—one squirrel having been known to devour as many as fifteen eggs in a day!

The Little Grey MENACE

Little grey squirrel—pretty and harmless, you think. Yet actually he is a murderer—the farmer's enemy No. 1

He is the bane of the fruit-farmer. Fruit-tree buds are his especial delight, bringing havoc amongst the crop and ruin to the farmer. Should some fruit survive his attentions, he does not despise it. Ripe or unripe, it is all the same to him.

A young couple with a flourishing fruit farm in Kent misguidedly adopted a pair of the creatures. Almost before they had time to take in the situation their livelihood had gone. The squirrels bred with amazing rapidity. Within a few months the fruit farm was no more—just a maze of trees and bushes stripped of every bud and piece of greenery—a skeleton.

Fed on chocolate

It is the same with the parks. The park-keepers blame the public. They treat the little grey squirrels as pets, whereas they are pests, they complain.

One year a party of children fed the squirrels with chocolates. The squirrels ate gladly—then unaccountably died. The keepers were delighted. Here was a pleasant, painless, and, to the authorities, cheap method of reducing their numbers. But the enthusiasm of the children or perhaps their parents, waned. The chocolates stopped. The squirrels recovered their health.

Members of the public even write to the keepers begging to be sent one of "those dear little grey fellows" they have watched in the parks.

In Regent's Park there are no more than twelve grey squirrels to-day. A careful watch is kept on their development. In the L.C.C. parks they are regularly shot.

It is essential that they should be. A few years of multiplying and the parks would become desolate wasteland.

The squirrel stops at nothing to satisfy his gigantic appetite. The green shoots and buds of trees are as caviare to him; his *hors d'œuvres* the inner bark of young trees—particularly the beech and sycamore.

A squirrel who had somehow become isolated at Wellingborough last year raided several local larders before his capture.

When hungry he will go to extraordinary lengths to obtain food—and so varied is his menu that almost anything will do.

It has been suggested that as the rabbit has overrun Australia, leaving devastation in its wake, so might the squirrel lay waste our fields and gardens.

Young forest trees become distorted following his visit—and thousands of pounds' worth of timber becomes practically useless. At the same time the wholesale slaughter of small birds—on whom we rely to keep in check our more troublesome insects—might lead to serious results not only to our crops but to our health.

Who to blame?

It is uncertain to whom the present plague of squirrels is really due—and it is a claim that is hotly disputed by those on whom the "honour" is fixed!

Some maintain that a pair presented to the Duke of Bedford by some American friends at the beginning of the present century and subsequently released in the park were the ancestors of the present generation. Others insist that Richmond Park was the original breeding ground; whilst a third faction attribute it to the London Zoo, from which it is said several pairs escaped and made their homes in Regent's Park—from whence they spread outwards.

Unfortunately, the grey squirrel possesses the migratory instinct, pairs frequently having been found as far as twenty miles from populated localities.

Not content with invading the country of the red squirrel—as harmless as the grey is mischievous—the latter have driven and harried them from their homes, even killing those who have shown resistance.

In consequence the red squirrel is becoming scarce. It will become more so in proportion to the spread of the grey.

In 1931 there was a nation-wide scare. The authorities became alive to the danger. In some districts there was a price of ten shillings offered for the head of a grey squirrel. Then came disease amongst the squirrels themselves. Thousands died. The campaign faded. The grey squirrel became once more a pet.

Never a food!

Now the crisis is with us again and the Ministry of Agriculture is perturbed. It is emphasised that if the creature continues to be encouraged or even tolerated it will quickly overrun us.

Already he is too firmly entrenched to be exterminated, but, like the musk-rat, we can keep him in check.

There have been various schemes to make the capture of the grey squirrel a sound commercial proposition. Attempts have been made to popularise his coat. He has been suggested as a food—tender, with a flavour similar to that of the rabbit—by gourmets who have experimented. But the squirrel is regarded as a pet. He will never be eaten.

Something has to be done, and quickly. Shooting and trapping are the only proved methods of dealing with the situation, and the former method is not easy. The squirrel is wily. He takes to the trees, where he remains absolutely still indefinitely, practically invisible. He is adept at placing a branch between himself and the direct line of fire.

An Anti-Grey Squirrel League is already in existence, but it is not enough. Squirrel clubs must be formed throughout the country—pledged to shoot the creature on sight. In 1931 a club was formed for this sole purpose in Kent. Eleven hundred were killed in a limited area. So populated was the district that it made little difference.

Children must be educated to regard the grey squirrels as pests, as the confidence tricksters of the wild—stealing and destroying under the guise of harmlessness.

Just a pretty little grey squirrel—but murderer and menacer of our green and pleasant land."

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS: — "I wonder how many people appreciate the value of BREAD from a strictly dietetic point of view."

THE SKIPPER. —"'It cost me a hundred thousand COLLARS to provide that tramline alone for the convenience of my guests.'"

SPORTS GAZETTE: —"BINNS DARLINGLY threw himself at Connor's feet."

DAILY DISPATCH: —"Two cats which were also in the house at the time were UNARMED."

EAST SUSSEX NEWS: —"... and observed Bella and the cat, each carrying a KITCHEN in its mouth."

SAFEGUARDING THE PUBLIC.

Nowadays it is a very unusual thing for a serious complaint to be made by a member of the public against shopkeepers. Yet, some years ago, talk of short weight, sand in the sugar, and similar petty frauds on the public, was very common.

The modern retailer, whether he is proprietor of the corner shop or manager of a local branch of a multiple store, is now more trustworthy in a high degree. It is mainly a consequence of the raising of the general level of commercial and business people. A better type is attracted to shop-keeping these days, and it is fair to say that no country in the world can point to so high a standard of honesty in retailing.

The biggest factor in this new outlook has undoubtedly been the increase of advertising. It has brought a standard price for a standard weight, for a standard quality of every kind of merchandise.

The Value of Advertising.

The moment manufacturers advertised their goods in order to get the public to ask for them by name, they found they had to wrap them and label them so that the public could be sure of getting what they asked for over the counter. Everyone has seen such phrases as "Beware of imitations" and "The only original and genuine" and "Look for this trade-mark on every packet." They are relics of the early days of advertising.

From these beginnings grew up advertising as we know it to-day, the greatest bulwark of the man in the street and the women in the home against dishonest trading.

Experience has taught advertisers one thing which is not commonly made public. It is that no amount of expenditure on advertising will succeed in selling a faulty or worthless article. This is because advertising only induces the public to try the goods—it is the goods themselves which decide the purchaser to buy again.

Helping the Housewife.

Advertising has conferred a second big advantage on the public. It has made goods cheaper to buy. This is often disputed by those who contend that the public pays for advertising, and that therefore things would be cheaper without it. It is not true that things would be cheaper if advertising expenditure was passed to the public in the form of price reductions.

Money spent on advertising is an investment by the manufacturer. The return on the investment is increased sales. Mass-production allows for the supply of increased quantities of goods without a corresponding increase in price and eventually permits of actual price reduction after paying all advertising and manufacturing costs.

We can all remember when a motor-car was a hand-made engineering job costing many hundreds of pounds. To-day, because of persistent advertising and consequent increased demand, much better cars are sold at a far lower price and an increased profit to the makers.

Keeping Prices Down.

In any case, it is most important to remember that advertising usually represents a very small percentage of a firm's total turnover, and on a commodity priced retail, at, say, sixpence, this would make a difference of only a tiny fraction of a penny.

Dishonesty in advertising is rare, but that too had its vogue, and until prosecution put an end to it. Such an excellent safeguard as the John Bull guarantee is an absolute preventive of this type of commercial fraud. Every reader of this paper knows that he can buy products advertised therein in complete confidence.

A mother's word:—

"and he never gained at all. At 6 months old he weighed 9 lbs. I was advised to try Nestlé's Milk. Now, at 8 months old he weighs 16 lbs. and is happy and contented as any baby could be."

MRS. R. G. T., DONCASTER, *whose letter may be seen at Nestlé's London Office.*

"He sleeps the whole night through" . . . . What some mothers write in their letters to Nestlé's seems little short of a miracle. But a miracle of science and common sense. Time and again, when all else has failed, Nestlé's Milk has built a beautiful child from a tiny wasting baby. All because all of its rich cream and goodness can all be digested — with ease.

CURDS—*and why*

Left. *This is the large, firm curd which fresh cow's milk forms in the baby stomach.*
Right. *And this is the fine soft curd formed by Nestlé's Milk.*

Light, small flakes, easily and rapidly digested. All the cream and goodness of rich farm milk is changed into sturdy flesh and bone—without any trouble at all.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

LARGE SIZE 7½D
SMALL SIZE 4D

COPYRIGHT

The "John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee :—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

SONGO

PREVENTS ALL TRAVEL SICKNESS

Seasickness, 'Bus, Air or Car Sickness. Guaranteed in every case. Boxes 1/3, 3/6, Chemists or Post Free. VANGE LTD., (Dept. 38), 189 Pitt St., Glasgow, C.2

FREE PARTICULARS OF RADIO'S LATEST VALUES!

DON'T overlook the Marconi announcement on p. 16. It tells all about the latest Marconi Jubilee Radio Receivers which can be obtained on easy terms as low as 5 - a week.

Fill in and send the Free Coupon which will bring free and without obligation full details of these excellent Radio Sets. Send it NOW!

Exact Size

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk Ointment for external piles, you can now obtain Zam-Buk soluble suppositories for *internal* use. Ask your chemist for **Zam-Buk Suppositories.** 1/3 a box. Left in position at night, they cure while you sleep.

CURES PILES

IT'S GRAND FOR THE SKIN

says

Gracie Fields

MISS GRACIE FIELDS, the world-famous Comedienne, writes:—"When girls ask me to recommend for their complexions, I always advise Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. It's grand what a difference it makes to the skin—and it's marvellous how they have combined the Powder and Cream, and even included a mirror on the dainty jar. Just you try it!—it's real champion."

Every Jar is fitted with a dainty mirror. In popular shades everywhere.

1/-

Potter & Moore's BLUSH CREAM is the new ideal Cream rouge for use in combination with Potter & Moore's Powder-Cream. You really must try them both. Apply the Cream rouge first and you will be amazed at the perfect results. The Blush Cream is sold in dainty glass containers for sixpence everywhere.

Potter & Moore's
MITCHAM LAVENDER
POWDER-CREAM

YEARS OF AGONY WITH BURNING INDIGESTION

If you had been in agony for years with wind and burning indigestion and then found a remedy which gave you complete and immediate relief, would you not call it a miracle? This is exactly what Mr. L. St John, of Farnfield Rd., Bromley, says about Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. It will do just the same for you.

Read Mr. St. John's own words:—

"I have suffered the agonies of Hell for years with wind and burning indigestion. Three months ago I was told of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder and the relief I have obtained is a miracle. May I thank you most heartily for three whole months of comfort and peace."

If you suffer from any form of indigestion get a bottle of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder to-day, but do not risk an inferior substitute to save a few pence. Be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

Everybody's Catching it Now . . .

CHESS FEVER

He's enjoying it—though you may not think so! A study in expressions of one of the competitors at a recent tournament

THE world and his wife have found a "new" game. It is called Chess.

It is not a new game, really, for it was being played when our forefathers lived in caves before the coming of the Romans. But as most modern people didn't hear of it until they saw a few "cranky old men" playing it—at which time Britain was principally occupied with the simpler pastimes of ludo and halma—it is new enough to them.

At present there are 80,000 organised chess players in England alone, but it is estimated that these do not nearly represent a quarter of the players in the country. Cafés and tea-shops everywhere are becoming as popular a rendezvous for chess as they are for their ordinary trade.

Why is this seemingly slow game increasing so much in popularity? Well, for one thing, it unites youth and age, rich and poor, as well as the peoples of all nations.

Bridge, of course, is played by young and old alike, but that has its element of chance in "the luck of the cards" It is doubtful if you will often see youths of fifteen and sixteen years of age playing with octogenarians and thoroughly enjoying their game, as is so often the case in chess.

There is no element of luck in chess. Youth must play old age, experience play novices, on the same terms.

There is little doubt that this absorbing game is a uniter of nations. Mrs. Stevenson, wife of Mr. R. H. S. Stevenson, chairman of the Chess Congress Committee, says that chess is a kind of Esperanto and League of Nations combined.

Before her marriage this lady travelled in all parts of the world, and, through the medium of the game, was able to get on good terms with all kinds of people whose languages were quite unintelligible to her.

There is a great deal of evidence that chess serves to break down international barriers.

THERE is the story of the English solicitor visiting Germany soon after the termination of the war, when visitors to that country were treated with a certain amount of suspicion. He knew no German, and was feeling lonely, so walked into the smoke-room of the principal hotel of the small country town in which he was staying.

He found there a number of men playing chess, and, by means of signs, indicated to them that he, too, was a player.

He was at a loss to understand the smiles that went round when he began to play one of their number; but their smiles changed to real surprise as he got well ahead of his German opponent. Finally, the Englishman won the game, and his victory was received with cheers.

It was only on the arrival of one of the hotel servants, who spoke a little English, that the visitor learned he had beaten the champion of the district. During the remainder of his stay in the town he was treated as an honoured guest.

Not very long ago Miss Menchik, a Czech player with a fine record, who is secretary at the Empire Social Chess Club, went to Moscow to see the International Congress held there. She said that there were two to three thousand onlookers every day, and, in all, 37,000 people in Moscow saw the games.

It may be said that enthusiasm in Moscow is not of much use to players in this country. That, however, is a mistaken idea. There is a Correspondence Chess Association, and, through this medium, the enthusiast can enjoy games with players in any part of the world. Some send a postcard, with a move every day; others play with longer intervals between moves.

Here is an amazing case of a game of length played through the agency of the post. It took ten years to complete, and then ended in stalemate.

This is the record length of time for a game of chess to be played under these conditions. The participants were two Yorkshiremen—H. Kaye, living in Victoria, Australia, and John Garside, of Slaithwaite, in the county of broad acres.

IT is rather amusing to compare a game played in such circumstances to the speed achievements of the great masters.

Capablanca, in New York in 1931, played fifty games against two hundred opponents, four to a board, and, after a nine hours' struggle, he won twenty-eight games, lost six and drew sixteen.

In 1932, Dr. Alekhine played three hundred opponents at the speed of 100 ft. a minute!

Unfortunately, matches between world and other champions are rare, owing to financial conditions. The last time Dr. Alekhine played Capablanca it was for a purse of £5,000.

Chess players at the moment are looking forward eagerly to the Margate Easter Chess Congress, to be held from April 24 to May 3. It is being conducted by arrangement with the Kent County Chess Association, and it is hoped, after this year, to make this a permanent Easter gathering for chess devotees.

This congress will give a very definite impression of the diversity of people who play chess, for there are classes open to players of all ages—from champions to boys and girls under fifteen.

The tournaments, mainly in sections of ten, are designed to suit players of all strengths. In the premier tournament a strong foreign element, headed by J. R. Capablanca, will meet a smaller British opposition led by Sir George Thomas, our reigning champion.

The greatest attraction of the congress will be the first appearance in a European tournament of Reshovsky, the one-time boy prodigy, who recently won a great victory over Kashdan at the Syracuse Congress and the pick of America's chess players. He is only now a little over twenty years of age.

Margate, however, will not be the only place to make chess history this month. The British Boys' Chess Association, of which the members are all under the age of eighteen, is having a chess week at Hastings during Easter.

If one has any doubts about the capabilities of boys as players, it can be recalled that a twelve-year-old Manchester grammar school boy fought a desperately long battle against Capablanca last January before he lost to the great master.

THERE was another interesting point about that contest too. The great Cuban player himself fought his first great battle at that age when he challenged J. Corzo, the then champion of Cuba, and beat him by four games to two. That was in 1900.

Eileen Saunders, of Richmond, was only nine when she played in the Girls' Chess Championship last January. This contest is held at the Imperial Chess Club, Brook Street, London, every year, and is open to girls of any nationality, providing they are under the age of twenty-one. Lady Margaret Hamilton Russell presents a silver cup to the winner.

In London, the Imperial and City of London Clubs are open every day. The Empire Social has to close at one o'clock every Saturday because its club-room is in a large store. There are 1,600 members of this club. One of the most enthusiastic of these has just celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday!

The London League includes the staffs of most of the large business houses among its members, and there is scarcely a working men's club and institute which has not got its club now.

The boom in chess is refreshing and good for all adherents of the game. From the mental aspect, it denotes intelligence and, from a broader viewpoint, relationships between the people of different countries benefit thereby.

Chess obviously is a game to be fostered still more.

Joys of Jubilee Book

So colossal has been the demand for "The Silver Jubilee Book"—JOHN BULL's historic presentation to its readers—that the distribution of this volume of magic memories will be on a scale as vast as anything known in the whole annals of publishing.

If you have not yet sent your remittance, hurry! The sooner it is received the sooner will the wonder book of the twentieth century be with you.

There will be jubilation in every home which receives this unexcelled story of the past twenty-five eventful years, told, as no words can tell, in glowing pictures.

There are hundreds of whole-page and double-page plates chosen from over 100,000 pictures from all parts of the world—ten thousand vivid stories spread before your eyes.

Those romantic yesterdays of the horse-tram and the hobble-skirt, the gas-lamp and old-time music-hall live again. The *whole story* of the Great War is told in pictures, many from the galleries of the Imperial War Museum, and the progress of science, industry, speed, the rise and fall of governments and personalities in the peace . . . all is faithfully covered. Those who have not yet done so should post their remittance for the book immediately.

The safeguard of her natural beauty

NATURAL cleansing with soap and water can do all that is done by an expensive beauty treatment—provided the soap used is an *Olive Oil* soap. This is the unanimous opinion of 20,000 beauty specialists who, one and all, recommend Palmolive Soap for the preservation of the skin's youthful bloom.

Palmolive is made only from the purest palm and olive oils. The olive oil alone gives it that characteristic green colour.

Your skin will be refreshed by Palmolive's rich, abundant lather, and at negligible cost will receive the benefit of a daily beauty treatment.

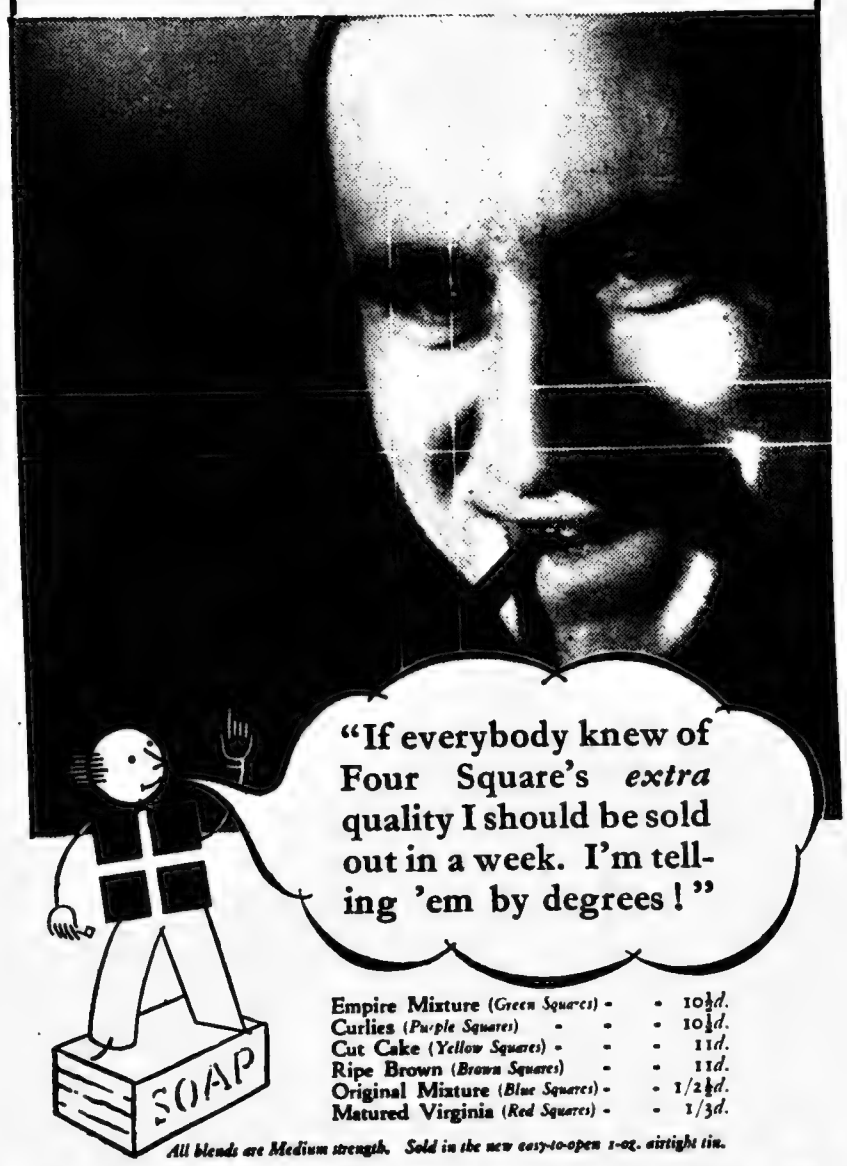
3D PER TABLET

Price does not apply in I.F.S.

You need never hesitate to buy goods advertised in "John Bull"—they are all Guaranteed.

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on p. 29.

Do you hear what this Four Square chap says?



Empire Mixture (*Green Squares*)	10½*d.*
Curlies (*Purple Squares*)	10½*d.*
Cut Cake (*Yellow Squares*)	11*d.*
Ripe Brown (*Brown Squares*)	11*d.*
Original Mixture (*Blue Squares*)	1/2½*d.*
Matured Virginia (*Red Squares*)	1/3*d.*

All blends are Medium strength. Sold in the new easy-to-open 1-oz. airtight tin.

FOUR SQUARE

Quality Tobaccos

GEORGE DOBIE & SON, LTD. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809), PAISLEY, Scotland.

SPEEDILY CLEANS OVENS

SCO

Every part spotless —no smell—big tin 1/-. If grocer or ironmonger hasn't SCO, send his name and address with yours to *SCO, 108, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8,* for FREE SAMPLE.

BIG TIN— 1/-

NO SMELL · SAFE IN USE · CLEANS GRIDS BURNERS · SHELVES & ALL

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for GRAVES DISPLAY of up-to-date Fashions illustrating all the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, at prices which show a substantial saving. Wherever you live, our Keen Prices and Easy Terms are for YOU.

GOODWOOD A lovely Spring Coat in All Wool Fleck Tweed of attractive check design, cut with the new shoulder cape and large double revers. The garment is tastefully trimmed with buttons, and lined throughout with plain Art. Silk to tone. An all-round belt with erinoid slide is provided, & all details are beautifully finished. In Fawn, Stone, and Brown shades only. Sizes S.S.W. to O.S. Busts: 32 to 38in. Lengths: 46 to 55in. **28/11**

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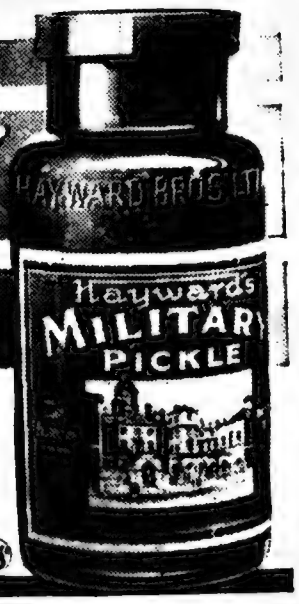
Send to-day for full range of Patterns, Post Free. Costumes, Coats, Furs, Underwear, Robes, Frocks, &c., all in the newest styles. Ask for Patterns of any kind of garment required, and a splendid choice, with a self measurement form and all particulars will be sent to you per return of post.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

4/- Monthly

HAYWARD'S

MILITARY PICKLE



Appeals to all palates. It is crisp without being hard, small without being too "mashy," neither too sweet, not too sharp.

Of all Grocers.

HAYWARD BROS., LTD.
KENNINGTON, S.E.11

NEW

MATT FINISH FACE POWDER

THE MOST SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY SINCE FACE POWDER WAS INVENTED

ONE APPLICATION ENSURES A FASCINATING COMPLEXION *for 8 hours*

Now woman's age old problem of 'skin-shine' solved by Science. By a new process—the result of years of research by French Chemists—the finest seven times silk-sifted powder is blended with Double Mousse of Cream. This process has been acquired by Tokalon. The New Poudre Tokalon is the one powder that you can apply in the morning and be free from shiny nose all day long, whatever you are doing. The one powder that gives a 'Matt-Finish' complexion of fresh girlish loveliness which neither wind, *rain nor perspiration can spoil.* Try a box to-day and see what a fascinating beauty it can give you. See how entirely *different* is the New Poudre Tokalon from all other powders, because it is the only one with the Matt-Finish secret. 6d. & 1/-.

THE NEW MATT FINISH POWDER IS WATERPROOF

Make This Amazing Test Yourself

Cover one finger with the New Poudre Tokalon; then dip your finger in a glass of water. Take it out and notice your finger is not wet and shiny but *perfectly dry and 'matt'.* The New Poudre Tokalon resists moisture because it contains 'Double Mousse of Cream'.

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The Graves LADY'S 'FLIGHT' Model is the finest value the world can offer!—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, all bright parts Chromium Plated, Raised Handlebars or to order, Open Centre Metal Chain Cover, Double Roller Lever Brakes, Rear Reflector, Set of Accessories. Carriage Paid £5.17.6 or £1/2 now and 14 monthly payments of £2. Gent's model same price. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £6.17.6 or £1/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

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J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Strange Things are Written to M.P.s

When a candidate seeks Parliamentary election, he is not always aware of what he is letting himself in for!

THE popular idea of a Member of Parliament is of a man who speaks on rare occasions in the House of Commons and makes appearances, every so often, at various public functions in his constituency. Beyond that people think his only duty is to record his vote in the House when a new law is being passed.

But if they could only see what goes on behind the scenes what a different picture they would find. For a Member of Parliament is expected apparently to be able to solve every possible kind of difficulty with which his constituents may be confronted.

His morning postbag is, in fact, an amazing assortment of the strangest and most astonishing requests—tragic, pathetic, amusing.

Mr. Baldwin revealed the other day that one young M.P. received three letters, each a proposal of marriage, the day after he had delivered a speech in the House.

Proposals of marriage to M.P.s are, as a matter of fact, fairly common. They are comparatively easy to answer, with a pleasant little note of refusal.

But straightening out the tangles, domestic and otherwise, which are unfolded in many letters to M.P.s, requires not only infinite patience but an almost inexhaustible knowledge of an almost inexhaustible number of subjects. One young M.P. receives at least thirty of them every week, most of them complicated, many of them taking up a lot of time before they are finally settled. These difficult letters have become such a "business" that he has installed a card-index system, and his secretary "card-indexes" every letter as carefully as a doctor does his patients.

ONE amusing letter received not long ago was from a woman complaining of a chicken which belonged to the people who lived in the flat below and was kept in the back garden. It *would* persist in squawking all night and her husband could get no sleep.

He had already, she explained, spoken to the neighbour about the disturbance, but had been told promptly, and in no uncertain terms, "to mind his own business."

The wife then approached the landlord. A protest from the landlord to the offending tenant having no effect, the landlord thereupon also thought it a good idea to write to the M.P. about it. But before the Member could do anything to bring about a peaceful settlement the aggrieved husband had taken the law into his own hands and quietly wrung the chicken's neck. What happened after that the M.P. never heard, but they did not bother him further.

Quite a number of letters come from people suffering from some kind of delusion. A famous example happened during the war, just after Nurse Cavell had been shot.

A well-known Member of Parliament, who is also a barrister, received a letter from a Miss Robinson asking for an appointment.

Before he could reply she arrived at his chambers at the Temple. The first time he was out, but the second time he agreed to see her, in spite of his clerk's warning that there seemed something queer about her.

The room in which he received her had double doors, and he made a point of leaving them both open when she came into the room. The first thing she did was to close them both.

"Miss Robinson, I believe," the barrister said. "No. That's the name I gave," she replied. "But I'm Edith Cavell." He realised then immediately that she was a lunatic, and without turning a hair he said, "Really! How did you manage to get here?"

"That's just what I've come to tell you about," she said, and went on to tell a long and rambling story. She ended up by saying that she had asked the Home Secretary for special police protection, which he had promised to give her.

Could she trust his word? The barrister then assured her she could, and after a little more humouring was able to get her out quietly.

Another story of a letter written by a mentally deranged person completely deceived the Member until he made official enquiries.

The letter, as first received, was quite unintelligible, so the Member invited the woman to come and see him. At the interview she (we shall call her Mrs. Smith) said that she was a widow. Her grievance was that Mrs. Jones was drawing a pension in her name and that she had seven children which she had registered in the name of Smith. She produced her marriage certificate and her husband's death certificate as evidence of her *bona fides.*

THERE was absolutely nothing in her manner or the way in which she told her story to suggest that she was not a normal person, and the Member was sufficiently impressed to make enquiries of the Ministry concerned.

It turned out then that they knew the woman very well, that she had been in a mental home previously, and that nobody was receiving any pension as the wife of this Mr. Smith.

A woman who was still in bed after having a baby wrote to complain that the midwife who attended had made love to her husband. She, in her anger, had sat up in bed and thrown a boot at the midwife, who had then run away with the husband.

Almost with the arrival of the letter a woman arrived on the M.P.'s doorstep. She began to tell her story, and before she had got far the Member asked her address and discovered she was the erring midwife. Unfortunately it was a case in which a reconciliation could not be effected, but in the end the Member got a maintenance order for the wife and baby.

Stand your Ground

THE HUMAN MACHINE

NEVER be afraid to hold an opinion. Since you are endowed with the power of judgment, it is your duty to exercise it. Progress, whether of the individual or of the world, depends on those courageous people who form opinions, express them, and act on them.

No one has yet discovered ultimate truth. Any theory may be upset by the discovery of new knowledge. And in every branch of human thought and activity this process is continually going on. The majority of eminent men in every past generation held all sorts of opinions that later experience and later knowledge proved to be wrong.

But their very errors were valuable finger-posts towards the truth; and no one thinks less of them, or honours them less because they did not know what their descendants learned.

We can only form opinions and exercise judgment on the facts that are available to us; and because these opinions may be wrong is no reason for refusing to act on them. If, later, we are proved wrong there is no shame in revising our opinions and correcting our mistakes. Only fools cling to opinions that experience has demonstrated to be wrong.

As long as we keep our minds open to sound criticism and our eyes open for new facts we should get on with what we believe to be the right line of thought and conduct.

Nor should we fear to stand alone. The majority is not always or necessarily right. If our opinion can stand the tests of discussions and criticism and experience, let us stick to it. We are as likely to be right as anyone else.

To be proved wrong is nothing. It only gives us an opportunity of learning something fresh. What is criminal is to have a brain and to refuse to use it at all.

One Tube must do it

Cleaner, Brighter Teeth..or

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

Buy one tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Use it twice a day until it's all used up. Then if you don't admit that your teeth are cleaner and brighter than ever before, send the empty tube to Colgate's, Ranelagh Rd., London, S.W.1. & we will refund you twice what you paid.

Colgate's is a double action toothpaste. That's why it completely removes the *seven kinds of stains* left on the teeth by everything you eat and drink and smoke every day. First, Colgate's *emulsive* action loosens and washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate's *polishing* action gently and safely polishes away the more stubborn discolourations. Prove to yourself, at our risk, the difference that these two cleansing actions can make in the appearance of your teeth.

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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

No. IX

Just a minute, please!

You're bound to find something of interest or value in the "John Bull Shop Window" on pp. 2 and 3 and "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on p. 14. Turn to them now!

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THE GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE Battery-driven self-contained Set WITH A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. Illuminated Tuning Dial. British Valves. H.T. Battery, Accumulator and Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid **£8.18.0** or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval. **NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS. WRITE FOR CATALOGUE** of latest designs for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.

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STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. ALWOOD, 13, Elliot Rd., Prince Rock, Plymouth, writes: "I had two operations on the Stomach for **Ulcers.** After leaving Hospital the **Ulcers** returned, and for six years I have not known what it was to enjoy a meal and every two to four hours I was in terrible pain. I determined to give Vitadatio a trial and from the very first day I am eating and thoroughly enjoy three good meals a day, and have not had the slightest pain or discomfort."

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The world-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier—has a remarkable record of successes in cases of **Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints.** If you are a sufferer—**do not despair, Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours.**

There is no substitute for Vitadatio.

Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Bottles for export 21/- post free from—**VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.**

"I expect he's constipated. Show me your tongue, Johnnie. Yes, I thought so. See how it's coated. Your head aches, too, doesn't it Johnnie; and you feel poorly? Sure signs that he's out of sorts.

That's the trouble, Mrs. Wilson, his system wants a thorough cleansing. Give him a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' now and he'll be as happy as a sandboy in a few hours. It's difficult to keep them regular—when they're young they get lazy about it and are soon upset. But you can avoid all that by giving Johnnie a dose of 'California Syrup of Figs' regularly every Saturday night. It will keep him fit and save you a world of sickness and worry.

Safe? You couldn't have anything safer! It's a natural fruit laxative, and acts like fruit on the bowels. That's why so many doctors recommend it, and give it to their own children.

Let Johnnie go to the chemist for a bottle now. There are two sizes 1/3 and 2/6. I always get the larger, it's cheaper in the long run. Johnnie, be sure you say '*California* Syrup of Figs' brand then there will be no mistake.

You can't afford to take chances with medicines, particularly with the children. No matter whether it is for myself or a patient, I always insist on the best that money can buy."

"California Syrup of Figs" BRAND

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FREE TO FAIR HAIRED LADIES

Every lady with fair hair is to-day invited to send for entirely Free Samples of the following:—

HARLENE CAMOMILE GOLDEN HAIR WASH

is a dainty preparation which doubles and trebles the beauty of fair hair and gives it that glorious light-gold sunshine touch. Unbelievably fascinating and beautiful. Just the thing for hair that has become dull and lost its tone. From all chemists and stores, price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per bottle.

HARLENE CAMOMILE SHAMPOO

is the perfect shampoo for maintaining and preserving the beauty of fair hair. It is a tremendous boon to Fair Haired ladies which will enable them, one and all, to possess more glorious hair beauty than ever. Not only is the shampoo super-cleansing in its power, but it preserves that NATURAL Sheen and Shine which is the essence of Fair Haired Beauty. Price 1/6 per box of 7 Shampoos (Single Sachets 3d. each).

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CONSTIPATION SUFFERERS SPECIALLY LIABLE!

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Feen-a-mint works thoroughly, but so naturally that it leaves no unpleasant after effects, none of the straining and griping of old-fashioned laxatives. Chew a Feen-a-mint to-day and you'll be out of danger. 1/3 a box from all Chemists. Your money back if not completely satisfied, or for a *free sample* send 1½d. in stamps (to cover postage) to White's Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. G.21), 15, Thames House, Westminster, S.W.1.

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To Mr. Hore-Belisha—

My SPEED LIMIT Hint

I THINK, Mr. Hore-Belisha, that the majority of thinking motorists approve of the thirty m.p.h. limit in built-up areas and welcome your measures to reduce the terrible death-roll.

But there is one thing that turns motorists against this new scheme—the use of disguised policemen to trap erring speedsters.

As this new law must be enforced, use the police, by all means, but do not dress them up as anything from a coster to a duke.—*"Interested," Alnwick.*

Warn Them

My idea is that he should organise a fleet of police cars, fitted with microphones, to patrol the roads and warn motorists and pedestrians when they are at fault. They should not wait until a definite offence has been committed.

This scheme has worked successfully in the United States of America, and I am confident that in this country it would greatly reduce careless and dangerous driving and also let the pedestrian know what is expected of him.—*F. M., South Norwood.*

"Roundabouts," Please

Where there are four or more cross-roads I suggest the Minister of Transport introduces the "circus" system. The roads would converge on a circle with an island in the centre, to prevent cutting across.

As a result, when a driver emerged from a turning he would be compelled to keep left until he reached the desired road.

Hedges, walls and hoardings would be restricted to give a clear view, at all corners, of approaching traffic, and obstructions of all kinds removed as far as possible.—*D. A., Altrincham.*

Improve Signs

The thirty m.p.h. speed signs are practically useless by themselves. They are seldom seen, so why not make a special coloured line across the roadway to mark the limit?

No motorist can fail to see this in the daytime, and at night special lights could be directed upon it from the sides of the road.

I feel motorists will respond if they are helped in this way.—*"Novice," York.*

If I Were You—

I would amend the speed limit to permit drivers to accelerate up to a maximum of thirty-five m.p.h. to pass cars marked "L."

In the interest of both pedestrians and motorists, it is essential that learners be given a clear road—it will help him to concentrate fully on his task, without worrying unduly over the possibility of his holding up a stream of traffic by his cautious and necessary slow progress.

The experienced driver himself will be only too pleased to give the learner "elbow room."—*R. M., Cardiff.*

Reduce It

Statistics show that a large number of accidents in our cities occur during the morning, noon and evening rush hours.

At such times when thoroughfares are packed with workers, hurrying to and from business, the slightest error of judgment can easily result in a fatality.

My hint to Mr. Hore-Belisha is that he restricts speed in towns to twenty m.p.h., at the same time compelling pedestrians to keep to the pavement, except at recognised crossings. The number of street accidents should then be considerably reduced.—*"F.B. 5926," Somerset.*

Remember the Pedestrian

Keep the same check on the motorist by insisting on his respecting the speed restrictions, but don't free the pedestrian of his responsibility, for he is a road-user.

Insist that he be familiar with the special section in the official Highway Code, by having the rules posted in the streets of every town.

Have copies in all schools, business houses, emporiums, etc. In short, make the pedestrian traffic-conscious, and perhaps he will realise that a speed limit in making decisions will obviate dangerous risks.—*B. B., Stillingfleet.*

Use Discretion

The idea of a thirty-m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas is excellent, so long as it is not carried too far. Near to many cities there are great wide roadways with double carriageways, along which it is far less dangerous to speed than it is in the country, with its narrow, twisting lanes.

I suggest to Mr. Hore-Belisha that the type of road, as well as its position, be taken into consideration where the fixing of a speed limit is concerned.—*J. G., Sparkbrook.*

Make Limit General

Now that the thirty m.p.h. speed limit has been definitely established, the next step to take is to fix, in addition, a higher limit in non-built-up areas.

This would stop motorists from turning these zones into sheer race tracks in order to "make up for lost time," as they would put it.

Unless this step is taken immediately, the Hand of Death will merely move from the towns to the open roads.—*W. C. B., Shirecoaks.*

The Alternative

Many drivers of lorries and other heavy vehicles being subject to a limit of twenty or even less m.p.h., in observing their own restrictions sometimes greatly impede the progress of other motorists by holding to the crown of the road without allowing room for smaller and quicker cars to pass.

I suggest that drivers of these slower-going vehicles should give other motorists the courtesy of the road or be prosecuted.—*H. T., Cambridge.*

Don't Persecute Him

In order to secure the maximum benefit from the new speed limit, the co-operation of motorists is essential.

Already they have been antagonised by the reported "agent provocateur" methods of the police, and if a spirit of mutual ill-feeling in general, all prospects of operating the limit for public benefit will disappear.

Show the motorist that you are not out to persecute him, Mr. Hore-Belisha, and he will support you.—*T. L., Littlestone.*

Incapable

Responsibility for the placing of the limit-signs should be given to a competent central body. Local authorities seem to be quite incapable of the job; for at present drivers are being goaded to the verge of madness by signs that are missing, and others which have apparently been put up at random.

There are many wrongly restricted miles, and de-restricted signs should be as large as limit-signs.

If matters are left as they are, the thirty-mile limit will do more harm than good.—*Miss G. P., Thanet.*

Remove it at Night

Hundreds of motorists who are compelled by reason of the nature of their work to travel long distances at night would welcome the removal of the thirty m.p.h. speed limit in built-up areas between the hours of 11 p.m. and 7 a.m. —the hours during which the sounding of horns is prohibited.

Travel at night is admittedly safer than at any other time owing to the decrease in traffic and the fact that headlights are discernible at a great distance.—*F. G., Bucks.*

* * *

My hint to Mr. Hore-Belisha is that on every lamp-post in streets where a thirty m.p.h. limit is in existence a six-inch red band be painted. This would act as a reminder to motorists that they are still in a restricted area.—*F. A. L., Oxford.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on April 20

FIRST DIVISION.

(1) PORTSMOUTH v. Wolverhampton.
(2) Wednesday v. Leicester.
**(3) STOKE v. Hotspur.
(4) W.B. ALBION v. Derby.
**(5) ARSENAL v. Huddersfield.
(6) Birmingham v. Sunderland.
(7) Blackburn v. Everton.
(8) Leeds v. ASTON VILLA.
(9) LIVERPOOL v. Chelsea.
(10) MANCHESTER C. v. Preston.
(11) MIDDLESBROUGH v. Grimsby.

SECOND DIVISION.

(1) Newcastle v. Bolton.
**(2) NORWICH v. Oldham.
(3) FOREST v. Barnsley.
(4) PLYMOUTH v. Burnley.
*(5) WEST HAM v. Southampton.
*(6) BLACKPOOL v. Notts County.
(7) BRADFORD v. Swansea.
*(8) BRENTFORD v. Port Vale.
(9) Bury v. Bradford C.
(10) FULHAM v. Manchester U.
(11) HULL v. Sheffield U.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) GILLINGHAM v. Cardiff.
*(2) MILLWALL v. Torquay.
(3) Newport v. CHARLTON.
(4) Northampton v. LUTON.
(5) READING v. Brighton.
(6) WATFORD v. Bristol R.
(7) BOSCOMBE v. Southend.
**(8) BRISTOL C. v. Q.P. Rangers.
(9) ORIENT v. Aldershot.
(10) COVENTRY v. Swindon.
(11) C. Palace v. Exeter.

NORTHERN SECTION.

(1) ROTHERHAM v. Stockport.
(2) Rochdale v. CHESTER.
(3) Tranmere v. Doncaster.
(4) WALSALL v. Gateshead.
(5) Wrexham v. Hartlepools.
(6) BARROW v. York.
(7) Carlisle v. NEW BRIGHTON.
*(8) CHESTERFIELD v. Accrington.
*(9) HALIFAX v. Crewe.
**(10) LINCOLN v. Southport.
(11) MANSFIELD v. Darlington.

SCOTTISH CUP.—Final.

RANGERS v. Hamilton—at Hampden Park, Glasgow.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

(1) Falkirk v. Hibernian.
(2) HEARTS v. Aberdeen.
**(3) MOTHERWELL v. Ayr.
(4) QUEEN OF SOUTH v. Albion.
(5) St. Mirren v. PARTICK.
(6) AIRDRIE v. Dunfermline.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—3 (*H*); Div. II.—2 (*H*); Southern Section—3 (*A*); Northern Section—10 (*H*); Scottish League—3 (*H*) would indicate Stoke, Norwich, Charlton, Lincoln and Motherwell.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published, 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 by first post Tuesday, April 23.

The Surprise Broadcast I'd Like to Hear (see page 6).

Could scarcely walk—but MORE IRON soon made her strong!

Thousands of women never know what it is to feel really well and strong. Nine times out of ten, the cause of their frequent ailing and suffering is that *their blood is IRON-STARVED.* Poor appetite, indigestion, exhaustion, depression, headaches, sleeplessness, a susceptibility to colds, influenza, chilblains, are all symptoms of IRON STARVATION.
To treat the *symptoms* is useless. You must correct the *cause.* Give your blood the IRON it is starving for. Take a course of IRON 'JELLOIDS.'

Took IRON 'JELLOIDS'—now does her work without tiring

IRON 'JELLOIDS' rapidly enrich your blood with more IRON—make it rich, red and strong. Every bodily organ is invigorated. You enjoy your food, sleep soundly, and awake refreshed, full of energy for work and fun.
IRON 'JELLOIDS' *do not blacken the teeth or upset the digestion.* They have been famous for over 40 years as "the world's best and most honest blood enricher and tonic." Everyone can afford them. The 3 - box lasts 36 days, the 1/3 box 10 days. Get a 3/- box to-day.

Her Letter says:

"I feel it my duty to tell you of the wonderful results from Iron 'Jelloids'. Until 2 months ago I COULD SCARCELY WALK UP THE ROAD. I was suffering from anaemia and could only lie down in bed by degrees. MY FRIENDS THOUGHT I COULD NOT LIVE LONG. Now I can do all my work, cook for six people, go for a long walk after lunch and AM NEVER TIRED. I REALLY FEEL A NEW BEING." B. E. L.

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists : 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR WOMEN : No. 2
The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

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Run down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2a. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two large boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR CHILDREN : No. 1
Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red and nutritious.

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"The John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29

A Fight Against Rupture

ATTENTION versus NEGLECT.

Everyone should realise the ever commonness of Ruptures, even where the protrusion is small. The Brooks Appliance is the finest kind of mechanical support for Rupture that it is possible to build. Hard pads and stiff springs are entirely eliminated. Our Automatic Air Cushion, light, cool and absolutely sanitary, is protected by patents in the British Isles and all important foreign countries.

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Turn to the offer on the Back Cover, and fill in the Coupon for a free copy of a 48-p. book, which explains how sufferers from Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc., can escape from these distressing maladies. The Book tells in plain words how perfect health can be regained, speedily and with lasting relief.

Cut out and post the Coupon on the Back Cover Now in an unsealed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

Easter

Whatever the pleasure..

PLAYER'S complete it

Those pleasant little jaunts and excursions which make the Easter holiday so enjoyable . . . whether it be a trip to the sea, a quiet day's fishing or a brisk round of golf or tennis . . . how surely is their appeal enhanced and their joy completed with Player's for company.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 for 6d 20 for 11½d

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

NCC 281 B

GIANT 3-IN-1 PRIZE ENTERTAINMENT X-WORD

For John Bull's

£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE WITH £500 AND

If Single Prize Preferred to Pension plus Cash Award, £900 will be paid.

£100 Between all Runners-up

BONUS AWARD Value £2

A Season Ticket, providing 80 Free Entries for our Crossword Contest for every Runner-up from whom we receive two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

34 GN. MILLIONAIRE'S RADIOGRAM

is the price of this "Pye" 8-valve Millionaire's Radiogram. Complete with Automatic Record Changer, this superb all-mains instrument gives equal delight to ear and eye and "Pye" reliability makes it perfection.

● SHOULD FIRST PRIZE BE SHARED, THE RADIOGRAM GOES TO SHARER WHOSE SQUARE ADJOINING WINNING SOLUTION CONTAINS FEWEST ERRORS.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To be posted Wednesday, May 8.

303

OUR list of Crossword Pensioners is now a long one—and here in our 303rd Contest comes an opportunity to add your name to these people who have no fears of the future!

Before you have filled up half the squares you will agree that "100 per cent. Entertainment" sums up our Compiler's ingenious problem. And when you have decided on all your Solutions, after carefully studying the Clues and weighing up your answers, you may well have completed an entry which will win you a £500 fortune, followed by weekly cheques for life of £2 each.

To celebrate your huge success, moreover, "John Bull" will add a magnificent 34-Guinea "Pye" Radio Gramophone, an instrument worthy of a millionaire's home.

Cash in plenty for Runners-up, fine Bonuses for those who qualify and Unlimited Surprise Awards complete this prize-list. But you can be amongst the winners only if your entry is in by noon on Thursday, April 25.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week and £500 (or a lump sum of £900) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. The winner will also receive a 34-guinea All-mains "Pye" Radiogram. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of a Season Ticket providing 80 Free Entries to our Crossword Contest will be awarded to every Runner-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in the same envelope. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 2, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 9.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 303—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APR. 25, 1935

JB·303

JB·303

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED.....

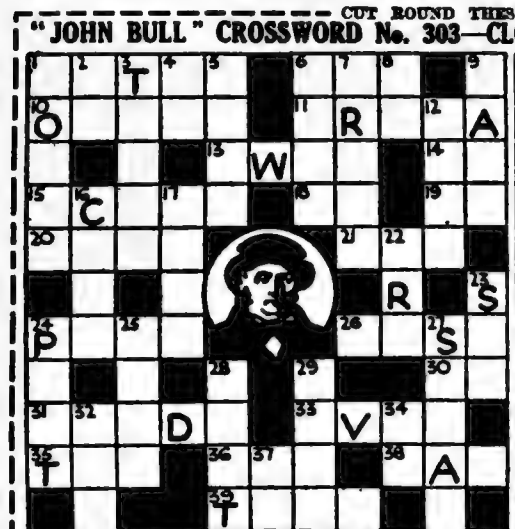
ADDRESS.....

.....

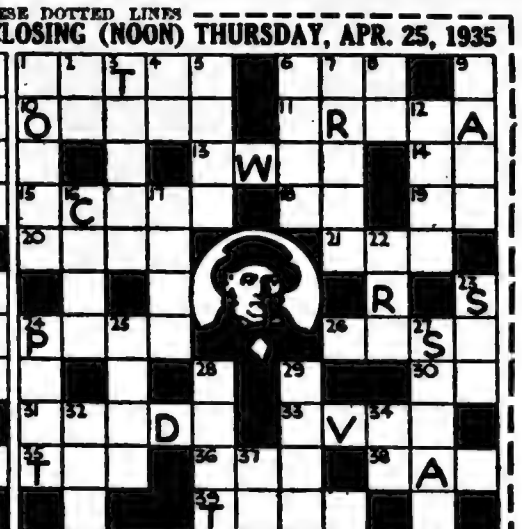
CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 303—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, APR. 25, 1935



JB·303



JB·303

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

ENTRY FEE

With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. Extra Entries at same rate. See Rule 1.

ADDRESS ENTRY THUS:

"John Bull" Crossword No. 303,
57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
(Comp.)

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED—ALL ENTRIES EXAMINED.

Free Help for X-word Entrants. Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2, or register for 6 weeks' supply on Coupon on "Bullets" page.

Solution—X-Word No. 301.

Winners in Crossword No. 300 appear on page 16 Winners in Crossword No. 301 will be published next week. The Solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 301 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

JB 301

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions

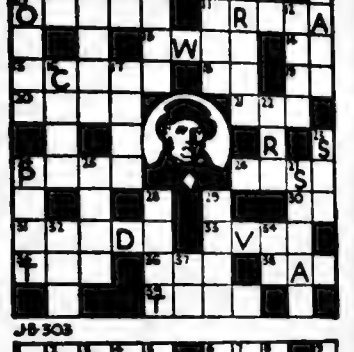
STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. You may reserve rooms in this
6. Now and then it misfires
10. Its oil is used in salads
11. Enclosure for sports
13. Schoolboy's name for drink
14. Beginning and end of oval
15. Bloodhounds pick it up
18. Take O from one
19. Chop one end off toe
20. Acrobat flies through the air with the greatest of this
21. Daniel went into the lions'
24. Hats are hung on these
26. Makes dogs miserable
30. Beheaded spy
31. Shovel's brother
33. Always always
35. A tiny one can just walk
36. Rough one prevents bathing
38. Applicant who's this may find getting job difficult
39. Most people hope to find luck on this

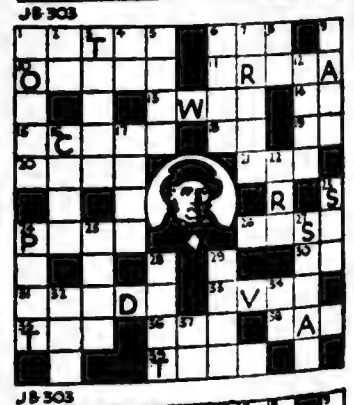
DOWN

1. Isn't easy to break in
2. The middle of hole
3. Their effect on building is striking
4. Beginning of evening
5. For fear that
6. Chemist sells remedies for this
7. Pressed earnestly
8. Same as 18 Across
9. May raise the wind
12. When sun's highest
16. Seed is often put into
17. Fishermen mend these
22. This is the crossword age
23. Describes bashful maiden
24. Holds things up in garden
25. It attacks you without warning
27. Is often caught when sea angling
28. Motoring policemen should not become this
29. Cowards go in this when fight starts
32. One sees peas growing in one
34. Eel with its head off
37. Centre of feud



JB 303

JB 303



JB 303

JB 303

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, April 25, 1935.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page plus TWO from this week's "Gazette."

Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be so decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, May 9, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, May 21, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100 or the Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £900 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between each of Newsagents

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

B. S. (Esher).—"The average Englishman is dead straight." But many of them will soon be leading their friends up the garden.

The Editor Laughs Last

PORKIE (Hereford).—"My pigs are ailing." Never mind; they'll be cured one day.

D. D. (Oxford).—"Boxers, as a rule, are the most amiable of men." But they are apt to be put out.

G. H. (Lincoln).—"My grown-up daughter wants to take up the law." Isn't she content with laying it down?

G. N. (Morden).—"An ex-policeman friend of mine is always bragging about his athletic achievements in days gone by." Well, after all, he *is* an Old Blue.

C. R. M. (Nottingham).—"The very morning I had an important appointment my watch stopped and I was over an hour late." Most untimely.

D. K. (Ashford).—"Finding a horseshoe is said to indicate an early marriage." Some people, however, regard it as lucky.

D. S. (Hitchin).—"Can you guess what is coming out in my garden now?" Yes, the rug and carpet from the front room.

ATHLETE (Leicester).—"Because he won the putting the weight competition he has become very conceited." He is still throwing it about.

H. T. (Leeds).—"The barber was so slow in cutting my hair that I jumped into my train as it was leaving the station." A close shave?

F. O. (Peterborough).—"My wife keeps asking me to redecorate the basement, but I'm not keen on such a messy job." It's beneath you, in fact.

P. T. (Warwick).—"My neighbour once told my fortune with a pack of cards, but it turned out quite wrong." A pack of lies?

TOM K. (Hertford).—"The worst of camping out is the erection of the tent." But it's all right if you keep pegging away at it.

AIRMAN (Croydon).—"Flying in the stratosphere is a touch above ordinary aviation, you know." It is on a higher plane, of course.

W. B. (Bury).—"A lot of professional footballers shirk their training because it is monotonous." There's a lot of skipping, in other words.

TOM (Dunfermline).—"When his maid announced that he couldn't see me, was he *really* suffering from hoarseness?" Perhaps it was just a wheeze.

A. H. A. (Sevenoaks).—"I am going to buy a much heavier roller." Has your son taken on the task of keeping the lawn rolled?

TRAINER (Newmarket).—"Steeplechasers are essentially modest, unassuming horses." Of course it's the jockey's weight they throw about!

HORACE (Shipley).—"I hesitate to tell you how many goals I have scored this season." We might hesitate to believe you.

L. J. R. (Romford).—"My wife has an old teapot, supposed to be very valuable. Everyone who comes to the house hears its history." She spouts about it?

BUSINESS MAGNATE (E.C.).—"No one should be afraid of a rival because he has something up his sleeve." Unless, of course, it happens to be a knife.

CURIOUS (Aldershot).—"What would be the result if the men of this country decided to do without hats for two years?" The hatters would be as mad as hatters.

T. B. (Grendon).—"You can take it from me that a band of profiteers is trying to increase the cost of the Sunday dinner." It sounds like a joint conspiracy.

TOMMY (Barnes).—"It is quite true that I took more of the jam from the cupboard than my brothers, but I got the biggest hiding as well." You had more than your whack.

ACTOR (Bristol).—"While I was appearing in a small part in Australia, the audience chased us out of the building, and I outstripped the rest of the company." You soon became leading man.

SPORTSMAN (Wembley).—"An all-in wrestler who was being outpointed rather badly made a flying tackle at his opponent in the last few seconds of the contest and was awarded a draw." A very smart collar and tie.

COBBLER (Potters Bar).—"I've found that girls wear out their right shoes quicker than the left." But this won't be so likely to happen now the 30 m.p.h. limit is enforced and there's less stepping on it.

THE KID

BERT (Tooting).—"One of the most thrilling things I ever saw was a heath fire." But that's a common occurrence.

OLD TIMER (Norwood).—"The moment a young carpenter starts using a vice it remains indispensable to him for life." It takes a firm hold.

MRS. E. (Chiswick).—"My daughter says she enjoys every minute of her new job as stewardess on an air liner." She's quite taken up with it.

PARACHUTIST (Nottingham).—"Once, when experimenting in America, I came to earth through the roof of an Army Corps' dining tent." You landed yourself in a mess.

SCHOOLBOY (Norwich).—"How can I prove that the world isn't flat?" Just walk round it.

BOXER (Streatham).—"Peterson's punch is an eye-opener." We should have thought it was just the reverse.

P. B. (Holborn).—"I have now started a novel umbrella hospital in London." Opened for repairs, in other words?

MISS T. R. (Cambridge).—"I was taken out to a special lunch and didn't know what venison was!" Deer, dear!

MOTORIST (Northampton).—"Hore-Belisha is very trying, isn't he?" No, it's the magistrates who are trying.

R. E. (Finchley).—"The burglar who broke into my house last week made himself coffee." And then scarce?

ANTI-BETTING (Liverpool).—"If I happened to win a prize in a big sweepstake, I wouldn't claim a penny of it." You'd claim the lot?

SHOP ASSISTANT (Newcastle).—"I've just finished writing a fine detective story." With a smart counterplot, no doubt.

DETECTIVE (London, S.W.).—I arrested the forger just after he had had lunch in an aeroplane over the Channel." You caught him in full flight.

J. B. (Baldock).—"My father is eighty-two, and he collects grandfather clocks as a hobby." He evidently likes to keep in touch with the good old times.

P. C. (Epping).—"The only place where one can find peace now is in the country lanes." And even there the hedges are shooting.

MANAGER (Nottingham).—"One of the biggest bills in our factory is for replacing broken electric light bulbs." So your overhead expenses are high?

STAN (Anfield).—"There are still plenty of window cleaners despite the risk of climbing ladders." There is scarcely any falling off.

W. W. (Weston-super-Mare).—"I have been reading things recently that have nearly made me decide upon vegetarianism." Butcher's bills?

E. W. (Shepperton).—"I had just finished pruning my rose bushes when the gardener told me I had done them all wrong." That cut you then.

S. F. (Coventry).—"Bicycle accessories decrease in price at certain times of the year." Tyres, for instance, go down when the road-menders come out with their granite chips.

POLICEMAN (Bacup).—"Why don't people take the trouble to see that everything is shut up when they go to bed?" They are usually too occupied trying to shut up baby.

MISS G. (Carshalton).—"Many of our swimming-pools will be flooded with light at night this year." But we prefer the old method of flooding them with water.

A. K. (Plymouth).—"I heard the other day that a footwear manufacturer has been arrested for using cardboard in place of leather." We shouldn't like to be in his shoes.

J. T. C. (Derby).—"It takes a lot to make me put pen to paper." Well, is £800 cash, a Millionaire's 34-Guinea Radiogram and a £5 Jubilee Surprise enough for you? If so, coupons await you on page 39.

EXPLORER (Park Lane).—"When I tried to cross the Sahara Desert last year, a sandstorm forced me back; but I intend to try again." Your first effort having left you more full of grit than ever.

MOTORIST (Southwark).—"I suggest that as a safety measure large mirrors should be placed at all corners." This would certainly induce lady drivers to slow down while going round them.

M. S. (Batley).—"I heaved a sigh of relief as I closed my books for the last time on the night before the examination." And where did you heave the books?

TED (Ipswich).—"Did you read the other day that a music-hall escapologist has become engaged to a circus strong woman?" Let him try to wriggle out of that!

STEWARD (Southampton).—"My experience among liner passengers has taught me that stout people have to be avoided as much as possible." They always have to be given a wide berth, of course.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

CONSTIPATION Can Be Conquered

Yes, even the most stubborn case of constipation will yield to the right treatment—but it is useless to have recourse to violent purgatives which only achieve their object by "shock" methods. These weaken the whole system and, apart from the obvious damage involved in their continued use, invariably aggravate the trouble by their "binding" effect.

What is needed is a systematic course of a mild antacid laxative; 'Milk of Magnesia' is admirable for this purpose. It never occasions the slightest discomfort; its mild action cannot possibly cause strain to the most delicate. It is definitely not habit-forming. In addition to its mild laxative properties it has the most beneficial effect on the entire digestive tract. In remedying indigestion it removes the very cause of constipation.

Get a bottle of 'Milk of Magnesia' from your chemist to-day. Take it regularly for a week, adjusting the dose as directed to your needs. You will be delighted with the all round improvement in your health and well being. Thereafter an occasional dose, say at intervals of a week, will provide all the prompting that your system needs. Once you have tried this gentle, safe relief, that doctors so strongly recommend, you will never use anything else. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia' which is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia. Of all Chemists. 1/3 per bottle, 2/6 treble size.

Try this 3 Days' Beauty recipe

When you see the face of a lovely film star flash upon the screen, you may be sure that her alluring skin and complexion are not just an accident. Her secret can be yours. Your skin can possess the same gorgeous loveliness as hers. This, within only three days. Certain precious ingredients, including predigested dairy cream and olive oil, are now contained in the new Crème Tokalon, White Colour (non-greasy). One or two applications each day stir the skin with fresh life. It is tonic, whitening and astringent. Quickly does away with enlarged pores, blackheads, coarseness, and other complexion defects, as nothing else can. Protects against destructive dirt and dust—keeps the complexion always fresh and clear and forms an ideal base for powder. Try this simple beauty recipe today and you will not hesitate to compare your new skin with that of the screen stars. Crème Tokalon is guaranteed to give successful results or money refunded.

A Health Puzzle and its Solution.

It is a great pity that just when the joy of Spring is indicated by a few extra fine days the whole aspect is changed by an almost unprecedented reversal of weather conditions bringing ills and chills—colds—'flu—feverish complaints and rheumatisms.

Taken at inception of these complaints, 'ASPRO' speedily brings relief and banishes them. 'ASPRO' is obtainable from all chemists and stores, and a generous supply can be obtained from 3d. upwards.

SEND FOR THIS FREE RECIPE BOOK

HERE'S an interesting and valuable free book which will be of great use to every housewife and cook—in fact it should be in every home. It is the Radiation Cookery Book, which contains dozens of delightful menus to choose from. This book is offered free by Radiation New World Gas Cookers with the "Regulo" Patented Oven Heat Control, which by simply adjusting the tap enables the oven to give different zones of heat suitable for different dishes.

Write, mentioning "John Bull" to Radiation, Ltd. (Publications Dept. 54/50) 164, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4, and a free copy of the Radiation Cookery Book will be sent by return.

PILES!

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external, blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3s. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about

MANZAN

Brand PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take De Witts Brand Little Laxaliver Pills. Price 1/3.

SPRING CLEANING

Save time, bother, worry and drudgery, and use an Electrolux—the modern Hygienic Cleaning System.

Fill in the coupon on p. 28 for an informative booklet describing this unique cleaning system. It's FREE!

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (less than 3½d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars. Lady's or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue Free. Ladies', Gents', Juveniles', and Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models.

5/2 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Reduce *YOUR* High BLOOD PRESSURE

Rejuvenate YOUR Arteries. Strengthen YOUR Heart. COME OFF the Danger List.

Avoid Blood Pressure Breakdowns! Steady heart action co-ordinated with youth-like elastic arteries are now possible for those past their prime. The "Shadforth" Simple Home Treatment for Arterio-Sclerosis rapidly reduces high blood pressure and tension. It gives prompt relief from palpitation, giddiness, premonitions of collapse, and sleeplessness; it leads to permanent restoration, and makes you 20 years younger within 20 days. **Get it NOW.**

(Prescription No. 1168/T) Prices: 2/6, 5/6, 15/6

Privately packed and post free at these prices from

Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.,

(Dept. J.B.55A), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET, LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Remedy.

"Skin Soft as Velvet."

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Remedy is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Varicose Veins, Bad Leg, Piles, and other Diseases of the Skin and Circulatory System.

It is prepared in tiny tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! Elasto is not a drug but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health.

Send for Free Sample.

Elasto Blood Remedy is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with **Free Sample** and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day, Now! Or send 5/- for a full month's supply (in plain wrapper) and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

The NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY Ltd. (Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS!

20,000 FREE SAMPLES TO FIGHT RHEUMATISM!

Dissolve away Uric Acid Crystals. Unlock fettered Joints. Clear the System quickly. The improvement in figure, health and agility is astounding!

MIRACULOUS EFFECT OF FIRST SAMPLE

—READ THESE LETTERS

Mrs. G. G.—"I can truly say your treatment brought me relief. Slept soundly first night. Pain instantly stopped." Mrs. H. K.—"Gave sample of cream to a friend of mine whose hand was crippled with Rheumatoid Arthritis. After three applications she was able to polish the floor, using the hands only. Convinced that your discovery is marvellous."

Dr. SINGHA RHEUMATIC TREATMENT

In Duo-Form, Kill Pain Cream and Tablets, which dissolve Uric Acid and put your blood right, simply marvellous. Obtainable from Boots, Taylors' British Chemists, Timothy White and all Chemists.

FREE TRIAL

To DR. SINGHA CO., LTD. (Dept. J.R.2), CAERNARVON, G.B.

Please send free sample, booklet and Anatomical Chart by return.

I enclose 3d. for postage and packing.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Stop Hair Falling

Grow It Like This

Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger. This improvement continued and the hair is now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.

M. J. MURPHY.

Read this letter. See how you, too, can stop your hair falling and grow it again, thicker and stronger than ever.

"My hair was falling rapidly and becoming terribly thin," writes Miss D. Bell. *"I had used different tonics, but the excessive falling of the hair continued.* **Then I tried Kotalko. My hair stopped coming away on the comb, and a New, Beautiful, Thick Growth developed, free from Dandruff.** *Also my hair, which was growing grey, resumed its natural colour."*

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

KOTALKO quickly stops hair falling—restores it thickly and strongly. Gets rid of dandruff, and quickens slow growth. Kotalko is for men's, women's and children's scalp and hair, for weak or falling hair, dry scalp and hair, and BALDNESS.

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.
To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53, B.P.), London, W.1.

Please send me post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP, with directions for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

AERODROME WORKER'S £1,000 THRILL

His wife got tired of "Bullets," but—

"IS it bad news?" asked the telegraph boy of the woman at the door of 20, Nelson Road, Caterham.

"You read it," she said unsteadily, as she showed him the wire addressed to her husband, Mr. E. J. Parker.

"You have won £1,000 and a Millionaire's Week-end in *Bullets* Competition No. 976," were the words the lad read.

"No wonder you got a shock!" he said with a grin, as he left Mrs. Parker to collect her thoughts.

Within 30 minutes she was greeting her husband excitedly outside his office at the Royal Air Force Aerodrome, Kenley. And though Mr. Parker had been hoping for a First Prize telegram for years and years, now that it arrived it seemed almost unreal.

* * *

All this I learnt, writes a JOHN BULL representative, when I called later at his home for a chat with this man who had just won a four-figure fortune for four words.

"I'm one of the old brigade of 'Bulleteers,'" he told me. In fact, he said he was amongst the entrants for our very first Competition in 1912. And even when on active service in France, his weekly batch of *Bullets* used to go home for his wife to post off to Long Acre.

"I knew I couldn't win if I didn't enter," Mr. Parker said, "and I enjoyed doing them, anyway. But my wife used to get tired of seeing me making *Bullets*, I think."

Mrs. Parker could afford to laugh at that. "He showed me this £1,000 *Bullet* before he entered [illegible]," she recalled. "'It's not bad,' I said. 'It might win a "Target."'"

We went on to discuss the telling *Bullet* which won for Mr. Parker the cash value of over 20,000 "Target" prizes. SECRET DIPLOMACY—OMITS YOU—COMMITS YOU!

"I generally look to the *Example* to get my ideas," he said. "That method, I find, generally produce a *Bullet* that links up well."

The *Example* SECRET DIPLOMACY, he remembered, made him think of the Conferences at which the politician commits the man in the street without consulting him. That word "commits" led to the echoing word "omits." And so his First Prize *Bullet* was built—just as somebody will be building another First Prize *Bullet* in the next few days.

* * *

It is appropriate that Mr. Parker's huge success should come in Jubilee Year. For, after enlisting in Queen Victoria's reign, he was a bearer at King Edward's funeral and on duty at King George's coronation. And now he has made 1935 a real year of jubilation for himself and his wife—and gained a feeling of security otherwise impossible.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Parker is unable to avail himself of the Millionaire's Cup Final Week-end, owing to Air Force duty. But his loss is others' gain, his cheque in lieu of that award has been presented by him to our "Greatest of These . . ." Fund.

TO "BULLETS" BEGINNERS

When you tackle the *Examples* you may feel the need of friendly hints and expert guidance; why not get such help direct from Long Acre?

"I think *Bullets Bulletin* is invaluable," says Mr. Parker, the £1,000 winner interviewed on this page. "It places the beginner on an equal footing with the seasoned competitor."

Use the Easy Reservation Coupon on opposite page to secure *John Bull's* free guide to *Bullets* success!

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 977

FIRST PRIZE, £500 AND JUBILEE WEEK IN LONDON FOR WINNER AND FAMILY

H. UNDERHILL, 412, Loose Road, Maidstone, Kent.

Example: HE'S GOT MILLIONS, BUT
Bullet: MISSES "EXTRA *Shilling's*" WEALTH.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

A. OWEN, 6, New Road, Rhosddu, Wrexham.
Example: With A Twisted Smile
Bullet: Cynic Distorts "Life's Features."

THIRD PRIZE OF £40:

F. GRAHAM, 55, Jasper Avenue, Deneside, Seaham Harbour.
Example: Early To Bed
Bullet: Wearily—Retirement's "Opened Eyes."

OTHER PRIZES

£30: A. BLOODWORTH, 155, Nuttall Road, Bobbers Mill, Nottingham.
Man Who Can Work—Yet Can't, National "Conundrum."

£20: E. JONES, Berwyn Street, Parkgate, Nr. Corwen, N. Wales.
Throwing Money Away—Re-arming? Throwing *Civilisation* Away.

£19: Mrs. L. THOMAS, Preswlfa, Park Avenue, Lonlas, Skewen, Glam.
He's Got Millions, But—He's Happy, The Bounder!

£18: T. G. SYKES, Amberley, Melbourne Road, Chellaston, Derby.
My Overdraft — "Solid Figure" — and "Spectre."

£17: H. E. HARDING, "The Cot" Bungalow, Cranwell Village, Sleaford, Lincs.
Yielding To Temptation—Names Price—Name's "Price."

£16: D. H. WILKINSON, 2, Drayton Road, West Ealing, London, W.
On Britannia's Door-step—Only—"Bulldog" Should Fight.

£15: M. A. PINK, 23, Upper Branston Road, Clacton-on-Sea.
Old Dobbin—Dad—Hence Children's Cars!
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£14: F. THOMPSON, Northward Road, Wilmslow, Ches.
The Burglar—"Spouting" Got Him "Inside."

£13: Miss L. SLOUGH, 48, Arthur Street, Luton, Beds.
On Britannia's Door-step—But For Taxpayer, Britannia!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£12: C. LOVETT, 20, Markville Gardens, Caterham Valley.
Endless Conferences—"Concrete" Result—Bombproof Shelters.

£11: W. H. TOWER, 30, Sutton Road, Heston, Middlesex.
Like An Idiot—"With Cat" Many Girls.

£10: J. HARWOOD, 37, Wellfield Road, Preston, Lancs.
Black Mark—Member's Absence Remember, Presently!
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

11 OF £5 EACH:

T. J. T. BAKER, 9, Midholm, Wembley Park, Middlesex.
The Burglar—Hopeful—Un[illegible] Youth!

A. BANNISTER, 26, Southlands Grove, Riddleden, Keighley.
She's A Soprano, So Feet For Ceiling "Entertained."

S. M. DYSON, Sycamore House, Sycamore Road, Nottingham.
Missed—Joke, Grandpa Pon[illegible]

Miss B. GEORGE, 74, William [illegible], Ystrad, Rhondda.
The Burglar — Clinked De[illegible] Awoke Father!

Mrs. L. GREGORY, 14, Anglia Grove, Bolton.
Endless Conferences Unbroken — Chain — Unbroken, "Chains."

V. MACE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.
Yielding To Temptation Boo[illegible] Scored Bore Scooted!

J. McGOVERN, 1, Crown Street, Leith.
Old Dobbin — Deserves [illegible] Reward. "Continent."

G. K. MEARNS, 47, Burnfoot Avenue, Fulham.
Gallant Knight—When Pa[illegible] Began. Father!

J. RICHARDSON, 72, Standiforth Farm, Dalton, Huddersfield.
Amused The Policeman Dri[illegible] Home, His "Rearguard."

H. G. STUBBS, "Little Frenches," River Way, Christchurch, Hants.
He's Got Millions, But—Nurse[illegible] Empty — And Success.
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

F. WOODMAN, 42, High Street, Egham.
Early To Bed—Then Stair Does[illegible] Creak.

Each of the above winners up to £50 will also receive a Marconiphone Jubilee Radio. A list of 25 £1, 25 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

BULLETS' GREATEST OFFER of 34 GN. MILLIONAIRES' RADIO GRAMOPHONES

HUGE 3-in-1 FIRST PRIZE

£600 with MILLIONAIRE'S RADIOGRAM and a £5 JUBILEE SURPRISE

£50 with Radiogram and £5 Surprise

£40 with Radiogram and £5 Surprise

£30 with Radiogram and £5 Surprise

£20 with Radiogram and £5 Surprise

10 of £5 | 10 of £2.10 | 25 of £1 | 500 of 2/6

2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS'· 8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

ENTER BY ... APRIL 27 — One week Only!

Each with BIG CHEQUE and £5 JUBILEE SURPRISE....

'PYE' supply this week's five luxurious 8-Valve All-mains instruments which change their own Records and give astounding reception and reproduction. Each with Big Cheque and £5 JUBILEE SURPRISE.

WHO WANTS A "JOHN BULL" TELEGRAM IN JUBILEE WEEK?

AGAIN a *Bullets* Biggest Ever! Yes, to-day brings the finest opportunity yet seen for you to secure from JOHN BULL a substantial cheque *and* a Millionaire's 34-Guinea Radio Gramophone—and there is a £5 Jubilee Surprise to complete each of these five fine 3-in-1 Awards.

If yours is the best effort entered for this memorable Contest, your huge reward will be a bumper £600 cheque and a superb All-mains "Pye" Radio Gramophone of the latest type.

Not only the First Prize-winner, but each of the four entrants next in order of merit is to receive, in addition to a fine cheque, a Radio Gramophone and £5 Jubilee Surprise—and news of their success will reach each of these big winners during Jubilee Week.

See that you spend at least an hour of your holiday with this page, get your *Bullets* in by Saturday, April 27, and one of this week's 10,550 prizes may well be yours.

THE WAY TO WIN

TO make a *Bullet*, first read through the *Examples* and jot down all the ideas they suggest to your mind.

Your next step is to convert these rough notes into neat *Bullets*, consisting of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked to the *Example* concerned.

Suppose, for instance, you had selected the *Example* IN THE GARDEN; this might well suggest the obvious comment, *Snails Are Infernal Nuisance.* Still employing simple words, you could easily develop that rough idea into the finished *Bullet*, IN THE GARDEN — OF WHITEHALL. — "SNAILS" ENCOURAGED!

Before starting on your own efforts, study the good points of the winning *Bullets* on the previous page.

Then go ahead and an interesting holiday hour on the *Examples* may bring you countless hours of entertainment from a superb Radio Gramophone, as well as the pleasure of winning a substantial cheque and a £5 Jubilee Surprise.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

BRITAIN'S PURSE
IN THE GARDEN
SOUND OF THE GONG
BROKEN
BLOT ON THE LANDSCAPE
SUNSHINE AND SHOWERS
HITLER'S MISTAKE
BEHIND GENEVA
IN LETTERS OF FIRE
SCREAMING
"SAME AGAIN!"
CAUTIOUS BATSMAN
PILING UP
HABIT OF HERS
CRAWLING
STREAM OF TRAFFIC
BILLS, BILLS, BILLS
BLAMED FOR EVERYTHING
IN MARS' WORKSHOP
A LOOPHOLE
AUNTIE'S UMBRELLA
AT THE STREET CORNER
PASSING
PUT FATHER OUT
IN THE PILLORY
MOST IMPRESSIVE
SHOCK FOR CUPID
MY DAISY
KEEN AS MUSTARD
WHISTLED FOR
UNDER CONTROL
FRIEND AND ENEMY
NOT SURPRISING
DISGUISED
LIKE A POLICEMAN
SAFE IN HARBOUR

SAVE MONEY by enclosing this new Easy Registration Coupon with your entry for "Bullets" or "John Bull" Crosswords and thus secure 48 pages of Competition assistance FREE!

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix 1½d. stamp here

Affix 1½d. stamp here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets Bulletin" on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being correctness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(980) Closing SAT., April 27.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(980) Closing SAT., April 27.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(980) Closing SAT., April 27.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(980) Closing SAT., April 27.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.	Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
EXAMPLE		
BULLET		
(980) Closing SAT., April 27.	P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.	Signed ..... Address .....

If you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 976 will be displayed in the window of Mr. A. Swarman, Chaldon Road, Caterham, Surrey.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 980 usually purchase "John Bull."

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 980, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

MARTYRS TO ASTHMA

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure has been endorsed by the Royal Physician whose portrait you see below; and, in addition, Doctors (many of them specialists), Public Men and Women, and countless thousands of men and women have testified to the marvellous curative properties of this old-established remedy.

The Royal Physician who endorsed Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure.

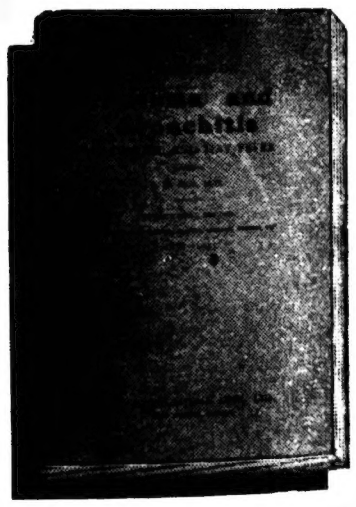
Just as it has helped them and brought them speedy and permanent relief, so it can do as much for you; but you should act before your complaint has you even more firmly in its grip.

Here is the Golden Remedy for Your Suffering.

No longer is there any need to suffer the agonies of a continual fight for breath when the dread scourge of Asthma has you in its grip. For many years Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure has been known as a sure and proven remedy which has brought speedy and permanent relief to thousands.
Asthma, Bronchitis (Chronic Cough) and Catarrh cannot continue if you rely upon this safe and world-famous remedy.

ALL SUFFERERS FROM ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS AND CATARRH, SEND FOR THIS 48-PAGE BOOK FREE!

This free book tells in simple language how your health may be restored—even in chronic cases where other remedies have failed. Send for it now. It is vitally important that Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh should be checked in time—as checked they can be by this wonderful remedy which has stood the test of time. The book is fully illustrated and includes the interesting story of how the Doctor-Sufferer found permanent relief as the results of his search for a sure remedy. This changeable weather is dangerous to you. Simply fill in and post the coupon at once, and so take the first step to safety.



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THE PROVED LIQUID REMEDY FOR 59 YEARS

Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure is obtainable from all Chemists, including Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors Ltd., at 3/- & 5/- (double size) per bottle.

FREE BOOK

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(Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

Please send me free and post paid, Dr. Hair's 48-page Book on Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh and Hay Fever.

Name.....

Address.....

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Post in an UNSEALED envelope with ½d. stamp. *Write Clearly.* J.B. 20/4/35.

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